

9 DOCTORS SAVE LIZ TAYLOR'S BABY
THE COMPLETE STORY

modern screen

25c

THE SUMMER OF
LOVE
NOV 18 1957
Copy _____

**DEBBIE
TELLS
LOUELLA**
the truth about
her marriage

Sal Mineo's
heart-warming
**THANKSGIVING
MIRACLE**

**THE DAY A
WHOLE TOWN
WEPT FOR
MARILYN MONROE**

a teen fan reports on
Hollywood's nicest star
DORIS MET MY BUS!



Now! The flattery of candlelight...everywhere you go!



Beautiful news! Matching make-up to give you a flawless, glowing look all day long!

Revlon creates *three* make-up mates, all in the same nine complexion tones. 'Touch-and-Glow'—the flattering liquid make-up. Face Powder, for the softest finish ever. And now, for touch-ups, 'Touch-and-Glow' Pressed Powder, in a beautiful, spillproof compact.



New! 'Touch-and-Glow' Pressed Powder 1.50*



FACE POWDER 1.25*



LIQUID MAKE-UP 1.25*, 1.75*
*PLUS TAX © REVLOL, INC. 1957

Revlon **Touch-and-Glow**
LIQUID MAKE-UP • FACE POWDER • NEW! PRESSED POWDER

NOV 14 1957

Beth felt a wave of envy

for the woman in the green sedan

Beth knew the couple with the green sedan had been married for years. Yet he was attentive as a bridegroom. "If only George were like that", she reflected. But George was not—and there was a "why". Halitosis—bad breath.

**The most common cause of
bad breath is germs . . .
Listerine kills germs by millions**

The most common cause of bad breath (halitosis) is germs in the mouth. Tests show Listerine kills every germ found in the mouth instantly, on contact—to help keep breath fresher, sweeter, longer.

**Tooth paste can't kill germs
the way Listerine does**

Tooth paste can't kill germs the way Listerine does, because no tooth paste is antiseptic. That's why Listerine stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Gargle Listerine full-strength, morning and night.

Listerine
Antiseptic
stops bad breath
4 times better than
tooth paste



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste

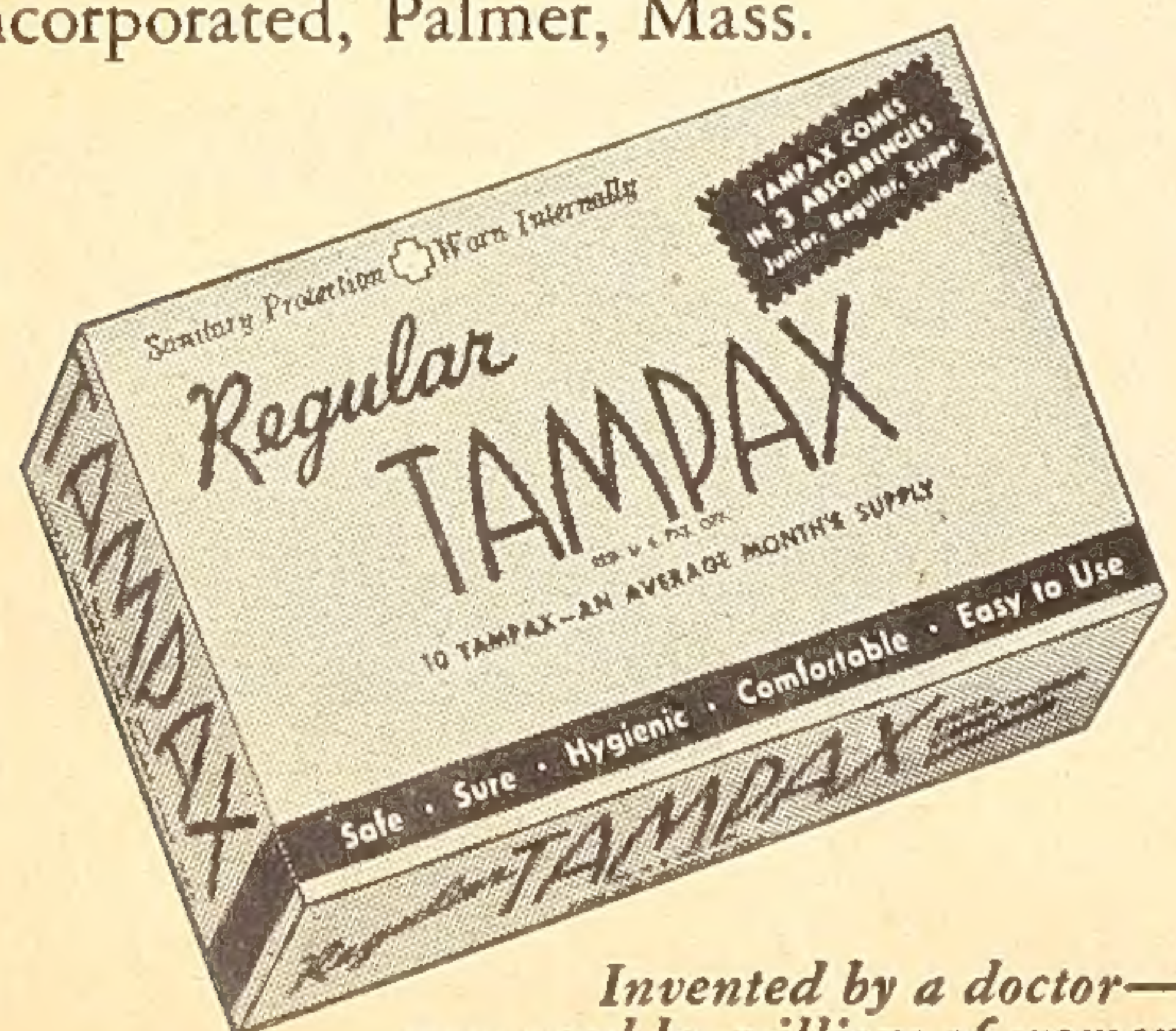


Use your good common sense!

Think! Think how you had to struggle, struggle, struggle with that miserable belt-pin-pad contraption last month and last year and all the times before that! Think how uncomfortable it was! Does it make sense to go on and on when millions of *Tampax* users say they almost *forget* about time of the month?

Tampax® internal sanitary protection makes things so much simpler for you. Since *Tampax* is worn internally, odor can't form. What's more, nothing can show. You can shower or bathe. *Tampax* won't absorb any water. There are no disposal problems with *Tampax*. No carrying problems either. A supply of *Tampax* can be slipped into your very smallest handbag.

It makes sense to use the easy way—the *Tampax* way. Choose from three absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) wherever drug products are sold. *Tampax* Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



modern screen

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Color portrait of Doris Day on the cover by Mead-Madick. Doris can currently be seen in Warner Bros. THE PAJAMA GAME. Watch for her soon in Paramount's TEACHER'S PET. Other photographers' credits on page 75.

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Join "**Les Girls**" and see a world of entertainment!
(rhymes with "playgirls")

"LEO, THE LION,
 WILL HAVE
 SOMETHING TO
 CHEER ABOUT
 WHEN 'LES GIRLS'
 HITS THE SCREEN."

— Louella Parsons

"IT'S OUT OF
 THIS WORLD."

— Hedda Hopper

"'LES GIRLS' IS
 THE MOST LAVISH
 HOLLYWOOD
 ENTRY THIS
 SEASON."

— Tom Wood,
 N. Y. Herald Tribune

"ONE OF THE
 MOST BRILLIANT
 PICTURES IN
 YEARS."

— Mike Connelly,
 Hollywood Reporter



M-G-M presents A SOL C. SIEGEL PRODUCTION of COLE PORTER'S

LES GIRLS

starring

GENE KELLY · MITZI GAYNOR · KAY KENDALL · TAINA ELG

co-starring JACQUES BERGERAC • Screen Play by JOHN PATRICK • Story by Vera Caspary

Music and Lyrics by COLE PORTER • In CinemaScope and METROCOLOR

Associate Producer SAUL CHAPLIN • Directed by GEORGE CUKOR

HEAR COLE PORTER'S NEW SONG HITS...

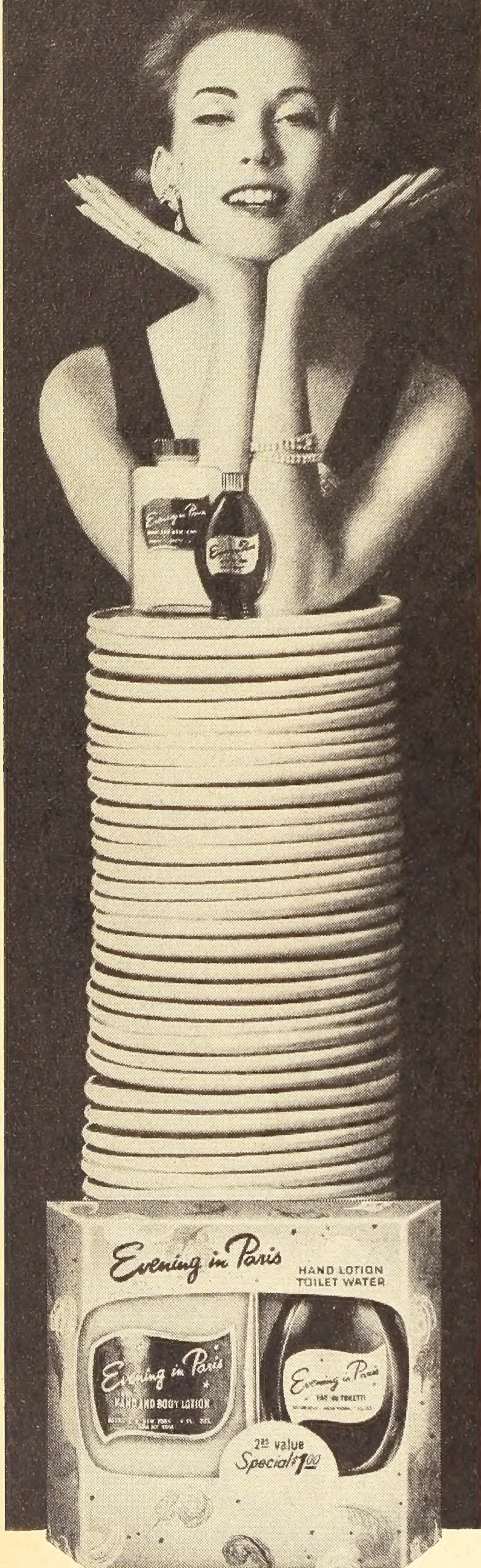
"Les Girls" ♪ "You're Just Too, Too" ♪ "Ca C'est L'Amour" ♪ "Why Am I So Gone About That Gal?" ♪ "Ladies In Waiting"

Recorded from the Sound Track in a new M-G-M Records Album



CHORES GALORE

... HANDS HE ADORES!



Evening in Paris

**HAND & BODY LOTION
AND EAU DE TOILETTE
BOTH FOR \$1.00**

regular 2.25 value

Surround yourself, even to your fingertips, with the fabulous fragrance the French adore. Use this new "waterproofing" lotion before and after household chores... it makes detergent-damaged hands look so lovely—so fast! Why not treat yourself today to this double helping of glamour!

4 CREATED IN FRANCE BY BOURJOIS. MADE IN U.S.A.

THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 10 West 33rd Street, New York 1. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Is it true that **Tony Perkins** cannot ride a horse and was a riot on one all during the making of *The Tin Star*?

—M.Y., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A *Tony has now learned how to sit on a horse; riding comes later.*

Q Isn't **Walter Winchell** under contract to **Lucille Ball** and **Desi Arnaz**?

—K.Y., N.Y.C.

A *Winchell has a partnership with Desi for his new TV series, for which he receives \$7,500 a week.*

Q Did **Marlon Brando** really burn himself in the bar of the **PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL** in Paris?

—E.P., NEWARK, N.J.

A *Yes. He scalded his thighs with burning tea, then sprayed the burn with soda water.*

Q Will **Sophia Loren** marry **Carlo Ponti**?

—L.T., MIAMI, FLA.

A *Loren and Ponti will probably marry if he can secure a divorce.*

Q Is it true that **Leslie Caron** will not permit her baby to be photographed?

—V.O., BALTIMORE, MD.

A *Leslie has changed her mind. Baby photographs are now OK.*

Q Can you tell me if it is true that **Betsy Drake** hypnotizes her husband **Cary Grant**? If so, how does she do it?

—W.L., N.Y.C.

A *"I just sit by his bedside," Betsy says, "and talk to him gently. I tell him to relax each part of his body in sequence starting with his toes. Then I tell him he will fall asleep by the time he counts twenty, and he does."*

Q Who is **Dora Doll** and what is her relationship to **Marlon Brando**?

—G.L., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A *She is a Parisian dancer whom Brando has been seeing a lot of.*

Q Is it true that *Island In The Sun* was banned in the West Indies where it was made?

—D.U., RALEIGH, N.C.

A *It was banned in the Bahamas.*

Q Did **Jerry Lewis** antagonize everyone in Toronto? I've never read such a bad press on anyone. What happened?

—E.P., MONTREAL

A *Lewis lost his temper backstage at the IMPERIAL THEATRE on his recent personal appearance tour with THE DELICATE DELINQUENT.*

Q Can you tell me how much **Tommy Sands** gets under his 20th Century-Fox contract?

—R.L., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

A *\$10,000 for his first picture; \$100,000 for his tenth if he lasts that long.*

Q Can you tell me how many times **Doris Day** has really been married?

—G.U., COLUMBUS, OHIO

A *Three times.*

Q There is one American film star whom the French refer to as the silent lover. Can you identify him?

—G.T., PARIS, FRANCE

A **Gary Cooper.**

Q I've been told that **Dean Martin** can't sing and that they use another singing voice for him in films. Is any of this true?

—N.I., MIAMI, FLA.

A *No.*

Q Can you tell me who is responsible for **Jeff Chandler** looking so funny in *Jeanne Eagels*?

—B.J., BOSTON, MASS.

A *If you think he looks funny, blame Director George Sydney.*

Q How old is **Jennifer Jones** and how old is her husband?

—H.I., ITHACA, N.Y.

A *Jennifer is thirty-eight, Selznick fifty-five.*

Q Will **Joanne Woodward** and **Paul Newman** marry?

—M.Y., BUFFALO, N.Y.

A *It is expected they will.*

Q Didn't **Yul Brynner** fall in love with **Ingrid Bergman** while they were making *Anastasia*?

—M.Y., DETROIT, MICH.

A *They became very good friends.*

Q In *Jailhouse Rock*, does **Elvis Presley** have his hair cut?

—M.R., TORONTO, CANADA

A *Yes.*

Q Can you tell me what's happened to **Betty Grable**?

—R.T., KANSAS CITY, MO.

A *She's taking it easy, waiting for an irresistible role.*

Q Will **Audrey Hepburn** ever have children?

—N.T., ELY, NEV.

A *Friends say not so long as she is concerned with her career.*



THE TIN STAR

...the story of the ex-sheriff who'd worn it—till
he'd faced one gun too many...the young sheriff
he had to teach to wear it—or watch die...and
the boy who lived only to wear one of his own!



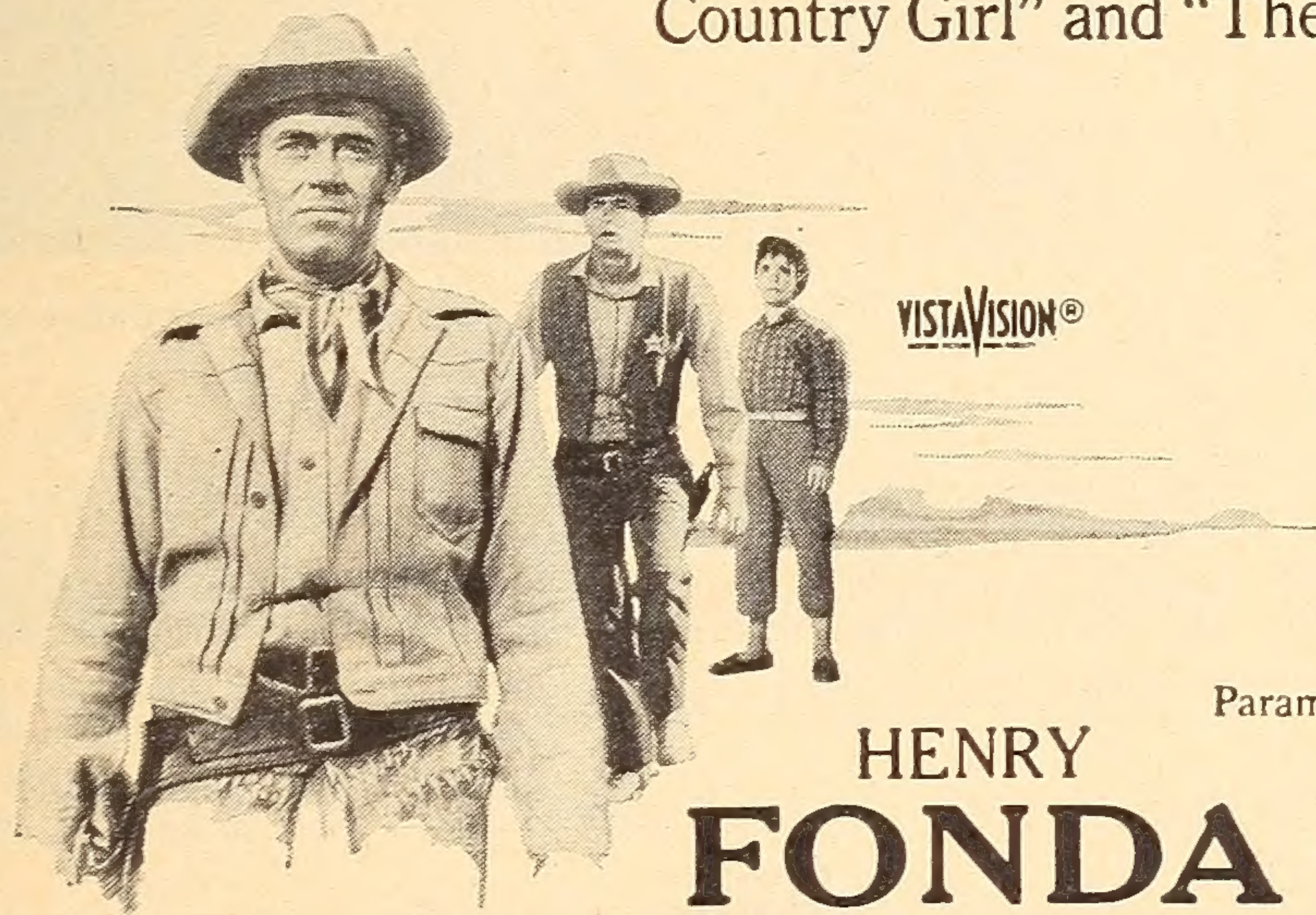
THE TIN STAR

...and \$40 a month—that's what they gave
you for protecting people who ran like
rabbits when the going got rough!



THE TIN STAR

...another superbly powerful triumph from
Perlberg and Seaton, producers of "The
Country Girl" and "The Proud and Profane!"



Paramount presents

HENRY FONDA · ANTHONY PERKINS

IN A PERLBERG-SEATON PRODUCTION

THE TIN STAR

co-starring

BETSY PALMER · MICHEL RAY

NEVILLE BRAND · JOHN MCINTIRE

Produced by William Perlberg and George Seaton

Directed by Anthony Mann · Screenplay by Dudley Nichols

From a Story by Barney Slater and Joel Kane · A Paramount Release



WORTH
SEEING
THIS
MONTH

FOR DRAMA

Tip On A Dead Jockey
Time Limit
"Slim Carter"
Johnny Trouble

FOR SPECTACLE

The Sun Also Rises

FOR COMEDY

Les Girls
Operation Madball

FOR ADVENTURE

The Tin Star
Pick-Up Alley

FOR LOVE

The Woman In The Dressing Gown

NEW MOVIES

by Florence Epstein



Tyrone Power and Ava Gardner are caught in a tense moment from *THE SUN ALSO RISES*. The film is based on Ernest Hemingway's thrilling novel.

THE SUN ALSO RISES

romance à la Hemingway

Ava Gardner
Tyrone Power
Mel Ferrer
Errol Flynn
Eddie Albert

■ This movie is very faithful to the novel that made Ernest Hemingway famous. The sun rises, in that famous era of the 1920's, on a group of very lost, very attractive exiles who while away their time in Paris, Biarritz and Spain. They are always trying for happiness but never get more than multiple hangovers. Tyrone Power, newspaperman, made impotent by a war injury, still loves Ava Gardner, who takes out her frustration in destructive love affairs. Throughout, she is engaged to Errol Flynn, a free-spending but bankrupt Englishman who brings a great deal of pathos and comedy to his role as hangdog suitor. Mel Ferrer, late of Princeton, becomes infatuated with Ava and won't let her alone, despite everybody's pleas to drop dead. Ava and the boys (Tyrone, Mel, Errol and Eddie Albert) take a little trip to Spain where the bullfights are. Here the movie rises to the magnificence of all the pageantry and color that invades the town during festival time. There is a wonderful scene where Errol and Eddie run drunkenly through the streets into the bullring, followed by the bulls and a crowd of celebrants. It's the custom for the

bulls to run through the streets when the season opens. Naturally, Ava falls for a matador, Robert Evans, and is on her way to ruining his young life, but she reconsiders in time. It is a handsome film.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

LES GIRLS

sparkling comedy

Gene Kelly
Mitzi Gaynor
Kay Kendall
Taina Elg
Jacques Bergerac

■ *Les Girls* sparkles like diamonds, cracks like a whip, glows with feminine beauty, vibrant color and the grace of Gene Kelly and Mitzi Gaynor. The songs are by Cole Porter. It is certainly a brilliant musical comedy. But the story is another story. Once there were three girls and a guy in Paris—they had a dance act. Years later, safely married to a Lord, gorgeous Kay Kendall—one of the girls—writes a book, casually destroying the reputation of another of the girls—provocative Taina Elg—who thought she was safely married to rich Jacques Bergerac. Taina sues for libel and tells *her* story in court. Her story not only gives the lie to Kay's story, but buries Kay's reputation in piles of mud. When Taina is through, Gene Kelly tells *his* story which, though it mildly threatens his marriage

to Mitzi, whitewashes Kay and Taina. You never know which story is true, and I suppose that's the whole point of this very cynical spoof, but you do get plenty of laughs. Each one of these very talented people is given a head, and uses it to turn in hilarious and scintillating performances.—CINEMASCOPE, MGM

THE TIN STAR

excellent Western

Tony Perkins
Henry Fonda
Betsy Palmer
Michel R. Morgan
Neville Brand

■ This Western has everything—including Tony Perkins. He's just been made sheriff of a town because nobody else wanted the job. Well, Neville Brand wanted it, but if the bully got it, nobody else would be safe. There's Tony, stuck to a tin star, with absolutely no knowledge of how to face up to Neville Brand or even of how to shoot fire. Also, his girl, Mary Webster, won't have anything to do with him anymore—she wants to be a wife, not a widow. Into this ridiculous stranger Henry Fonda, carting a dead criminal for the reward money. Everybody thinks Henry's just a bloodthirsty bounty hunter and they turn their backs on him. Except Betsy Palmer. Betsy knows what it's like to be snubbed by—(Continued on page 6)

Helen Morgan—her songs—her sins.



"Look, I watched
you tonight.
You couldn't
take your eyes
off me.
That's why
I'm here."

HOW
COULD
THIS
HAPPEN
TO A
GIRL LIKE
HELEN
MORGAN?

Helen Morgan sat on a piano—and no star ever climbed higher.
Helen Morgan fell in love—and no woman ever fell lower...!
Her real story—from real life—the story no one has told before!
There was only one Helen Morgan—there's

only one **the Helen Morgan Story**



PRESENTED BY
WARNER BROS. STARRING

ANN BLYTH · PAUL NEWMAN · RICHARD CARLSON

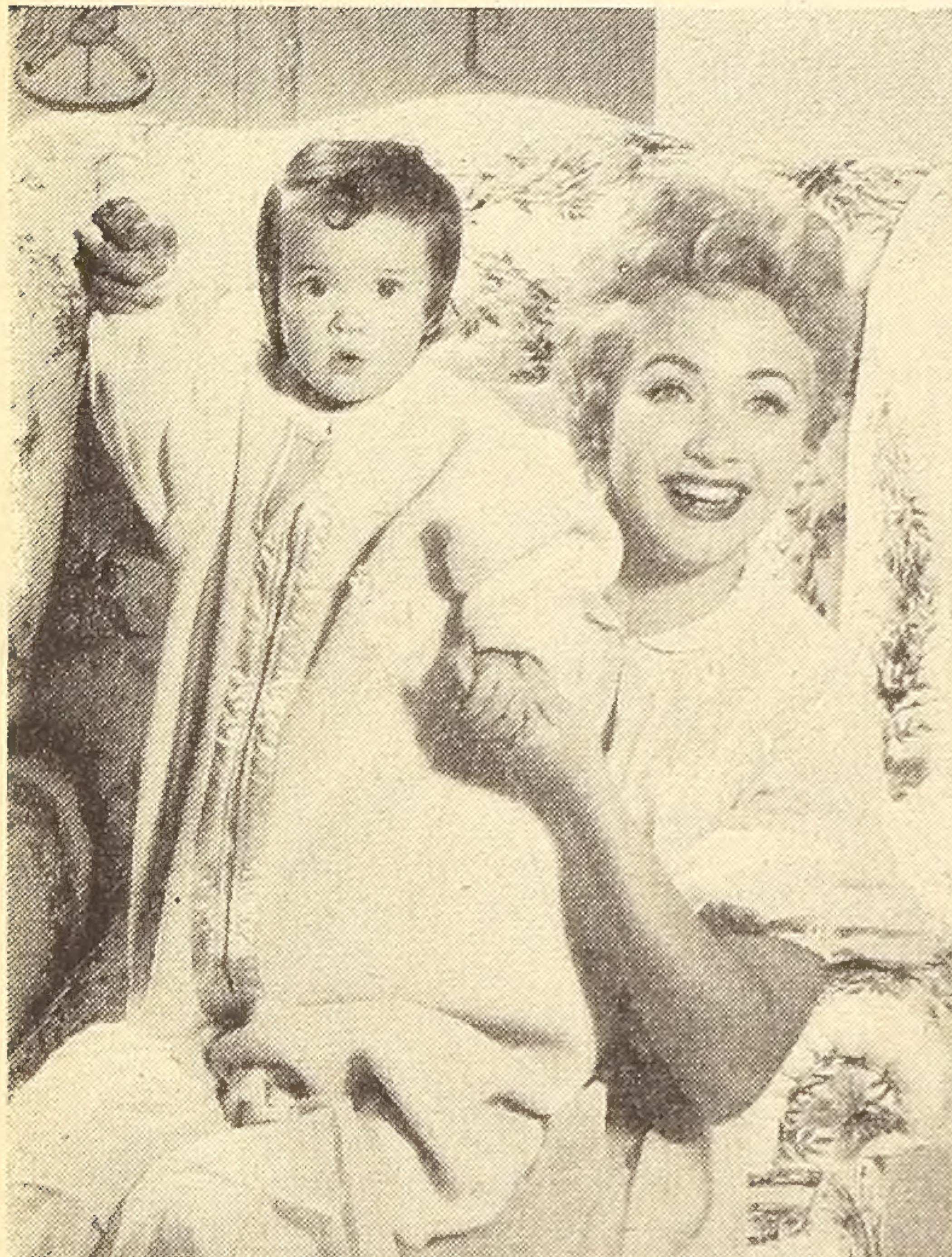
ALSO STARRING

GENE EVANS · ALAN KING · CARA WILLIAMS · OSCAR SAUL, DEAN RIESNER, STEPHEN LONGSTREET, NELSON GIDDING

Musical Numbers Staged by LeROY PRINZ · Produced by MARTIN RACKIN · Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ



* Baby's Safest Sleeping Garment



Mrs. Patrick Nerney, the lovely Jane Powell, gets her beautiful daughter, Lindsey Averill, ready for dreams. Jane Powell is now appearing in "The Girl Most Likely." Gown and Peignoir by Vanity Fair

* Trundle Bundle

Will keep your baby snug and warm yet free to move about unhampered. Available in five tested fabrics in a variety of prints and patterns.

Four models (the Layette, regular, grow and Toddler with legs and detachable boots) will carefully care for your baby from birth through age 6.

At better stores from \$2.95 up. Write for name of store nearest you.



TRUNDLE BUNDLE PRODUCTS CO
DULUTH 2, MINNESOTA

APPROVED... BY MORE THAN A
MILLION MOTHERS

new movies (Continued from page 6)



★ LES GIRLS



★ OPERATION MADBALL

cause her now-dead husband was an Indian, and that didn't hold very well with anyone. Fonda informs Perkins that he, too, was once a sheriff, and advises him to quit while he's still got a head. But Perkins has a headful of pride and asks Fonda to teach him things. The lessons come in handy when Neville Brand rounds up a mob to hunt a couple of fellows who robbed a stagecoach and then killed lovable old doctor John McIntyre because he knew too much. *Don't be a fool*, Fonda tells Perkins, *you've got to kill those fellows before they kill you*. Fonda then proceeds to bring those fellows back alive. There's plenty of action and, in a pleasantly indirect way, plenty of comment on what it takes to be a man.—VISTAVISION, PARAMOUNT.

OPERATION MADBALL

fun in the U. S. Army

Jack Lemmon
Kathryn Grant
Ernie Kovacs
Arthur O'Connell
Mickey Rooney

■ Get ready for a mad, funny movie which would take me an hour to explain. The whole thing happens because Private Jack Lemmon has fallen for dietician Kathryn Grant—they're both on duty in an Army hospital in Normandy, 1955. Captain Ernie Kovacs is also sweet on Kathryn so he does everything in his power to destroy Lemmon. First thing he does is put him in charge of the morgue. Lemmon does everything in his power to drive Kovacs insane. When one of Lemmon's buddies discovers he's to be shipped to the Pacific, and thus separated from his girl, a WAC, Lemmon arranges a rendezvous for them at an inn. The idea grows diabolically. Pretty soon, every soldier in the area is looking forward to a real, mad ball. But before that event takes place, there are such things as Lemmon's faking an ulcer—he has a General's



★ THE TIN STAR



★ TIP ON A DEAD JOCKEY

X-ray to prove it—to keep Kathryn near him a corpse is missing from the morgue—and is shortly replaced by a healthy German prisoner; the company's Colonel plans a party on the very night of the mad ball and Mickey Rooney is called on to do some fast and shifty paperwork to upset that plan, and Kovacs finds himself arrested by MP's because he seems to be leading an escape of POW's by ambulance caravan. Go see!—COLUMBIA.

TIP ON A DEAD JOCKEY

sophisticated drama

Dorothy Malone
Robert Taylor
Gia Scala
Jack Lord
Martin Gabel

■ Dorothy Malone is a very nice girl, so why should her husband (Robert Taylor) want to divorce her? He was hardly even married to her before he went into the Air Force. Dorothy goes to Italy—where Robert is leading an unhappy hand-to-mouth existence—to find out. He has three good friends—Marcel Dalio, Gia Scala and her husband, Jack Lord, who was his buddy in the Air Force. Now he finds a third friend, Martin Gabel, a sinister little man who offers him a lot of money to fly a plane through a couple of countries—it's only a little illegal, he tells Bob. *The cargo is money that rightfully belongs to a friend of mine*. Bob, it turns out, is scared to death of flying. Besides, he just got a tip on a jockey and decides to make money betting. Silly man. The jockey never makes it to the finish line, due to fatal, foul play. Even so, Bob won't fly. He lets Jack Lord go, knowing full well that Jack can get into trouble, and leave a widow and an orphan behind. This man has no sense of responsibility at all—but Dorothy and Gia knock some into him. It's well-paced.—CINEMASCOPE, MGM. (Continued on page 24)



Don't burn the beauty
out of your hair
with drying
alcohol sprays

Every other leading spray-set sprays your hair with 80% to 95% alcohol. And alcohol can dry, dull, deaden hair... soon burn its beauty away.

New! The only spray-set with no alcohol - *builds beauty as it curls!*

Such silky, soft curls! Never dry-looking.

Such shiny, springy curls! Never stiff, sticky or flaky.

Real dream stuff, this fabulous new Beauty Curl. Sets beauty... holds beauty... *builds* beauty! And without a drop of drying, burning alcohol that can rob your hair of the natural oils that protect its precious lustre.

No sticky lacquer or gummy fixative.

either. Yet you can use it to set and to *hold!* And every time you spray it on, you can *see* an added glow. That's because Beauty Curl builds beauty from within. No wonder your soft, shiny curls keep their joyous bounce even on the dampest day. Get new Beauty Curl today!



A NEW *Richard Hudnut* DISCOVERY

Beauty Curl

SPRAYS IN BEAUTY AS IT SETS AND HOLDS YOUR CURLS.

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**Hair with the
fresh young **HALO** look
is softer, brighter**

Whistle Clean

—for no other shampoo offers Halo's unique cleansing ingredient, so effective yet so mild. And there are no *unnecessary* ingredients in Halo. No greasy oils or creamy substances to interfere with cleaning action, no soap to leave dirt-catching film. Halo, even in *hardest* water, leaves your hair softer, brighter, *whistle clean*.



PAULETTE GODDARD

takes a ribbing

■ Some years ago, Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith—Mr. and Mrs. Meredith, that is—bought a lot at Trancas Beach north of Malibu. It was next door to the home of Paulette's good friend, Merle Oberon. Paulette, leaving for England, alone, jokingly told her husband that she hoped the house would be built and the landscaping completed by the time she returned in four weeks.

As soon as Paulette stepped off the plane in Hollywood, Merle invited her and Burgess to spend the week end at her beach house. When they got there it was already dark. Merle, in a mischievous mood, suddenly asked Burgess, "Did you tell Sugar what happened to your lot?"

Taking the cue, he replied, "Why did you mention that, Merle? I didn't want to spoil her first evening at home."

"What happened?" asked Paulette anxiously. "For heaven's sake, tell me!"

"Well, you said you wanted me to start building, so I hired a contractor to level off the property. I'm sorry, but they bulldozed most of the lot into the sea."

"They did *what*?" shrieked Paulette.

"It looks like the top of Vesuvius," said Merle with a straight face.

"Oh, we'll be able to build there—just won't be able to swim. Of course," Burgess said, "not a *real* house—maybe a quonset or something that won't rot from seepage."

Paulette was hopping mad. "It's just the sort of thing you'd do," she accused her husband. "What contractor would do such a stupid thing anyway?"

"The Murphy Brothers," Burgess told her. "Anyway," he added consolingly, "at least we won't be bothered by trespassers coming to fish any more—not with so much dirt pushed in by the rocks."

Paulette couldn't look at the damage to her property since it was pitch dark, but early next morning she noticed two men on the nearby lot. "Look," she cried, "there are those miserable, mangy Murphy Brothers. I'm going to tell them exactly what I think of them!"

Of course, as soon as she stepped out on Merle's patio, Paulette saw that their lot had *not* been bulldozed into the sea, after all. She was so relieved that she forgave the rib and laughed along with the others.

But next day she turned the tables on her husband. Two characters marched outside his dressing room at the studio. They carried signs, reading: BURGESS MEREDITH UNFAIR TO THE MURPHY BROTHERS.

Burgess Meredith is currently in U-I's JOE BUTTERFLY.



For the first time ever!

Samsonite Train Case *Sale*



Samsonite Streamlite Train Case

REGULARLY \$17⁵⁰ *Sale* \$14⁹⁵



Samsonite Ultralite Beauty Case

REGULARLY \$22⁵⁰ *Sale* \$19⁹⁵

Now, for a limited time only, save on Samsonite's pre-Xmas special! Streamlite Train Case features "Travel-Tested" scuff-proof finish, cleans with damp cloth. Ultralite Beauty Case is made with fabulous, light magnesium! Both are wonderful to give or get. Start a set of Samsonite now. See your Samsonite Luggage Dealer today!

Sale starts Oct. 21st...ends Nov. 16th



STREAMLITE COLORS: Colorado Brown, Saddle Tan, Hawaiian Blue, Bermuda Green, Rawhide finish, London Grey, Admiral Blue.



ULTRALITE COLORS: Red-White, Vapor White, Sea Blue, Blue-White, Palomino, Airline Grey, Grey-Jet Grey, Sea Green.



**Washed
with another
leading
shampoo!**

**Washed with
"curl-keeping"
NEW
WOODBURY!**

Unretouched photo of Jan Rylander, St. James, L. I. (See her pretty face below.)



GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE proved in its famous testing laboratory: New Woodbury Shampoo holds curl better, keeps set longer! Example shown above: Left side of Jan's hair, washed with her usual shampoo, got limp, straggly. Right side, washed with Woodbury, is springy, curly, beautifully manageable.

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WOODBURY HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER

**"HELP—
gotta bail my wife
out of hock!"**



■ Come October, the Jerry Lewises will have a new baby—their fourth. And probably Jerry will remember again the first time an heir came to them. Because Jerry almost went crazy raising the money to bail his wife out of the hospital!

Of course, no hospital would keep a woman prisoner until her husband could pay the doctor. But Jerry, in his panic, didn't stop to think of that! He knew the bill for Patti's stay in the New York hospital was \$120—and not only didn't Jerry have \$120, he was badly in debt!

Twelve years ago, when Gary was born, the Lewises lived in a tiny, cheap, one-room apartment in Newark, New Jersey, and penny-counting was the rule. When he worked, he made good money—but there just wasn't enough work for a comedian who hadn't quite hit the big time.

So the two-and-a-half Lewises were pretty ecstatic when Jerry landed a two-week job in a night club in Baltimore. They were so badly in debt Jerry had to ask for his entire salary in advance, to pay off the creditors who were hounding him. Naturally this was the moment Gary decided to become a full-fledged Lewis. Jerry was in Baltimore and his mother called him to report that Patti had entered a hospital in New York. At four a.m. Jerry finished his show and caught the next train to New York. The next afternoon Gary was born.

Patti, in the hospital for five days and the tab would be \$120. Jerry figured he had to raise \$120 to get his wife and son!

Back he went to Baltimore to finish out the last two days of his engagement. He couldn't ask his employer for money—he already had his entire salary in advance.

He scraped up enough money to go home to Newark, New Jersey—he'd raise it there, from one of the neighbors. But maybe his desperate hand-to-mouth living was too well known: none of his neighbors wanted to lend him the money!

He had just enough money to get to New York; he'd appeal to his friends.

"Fellows," he said, "this is it. I don't even have enough money to hop a subway to the hospital, let alone bail Patti out. I can't leave her there. You've got to help me! I've got to get her out of the hospital!"

Three of his friends came through.

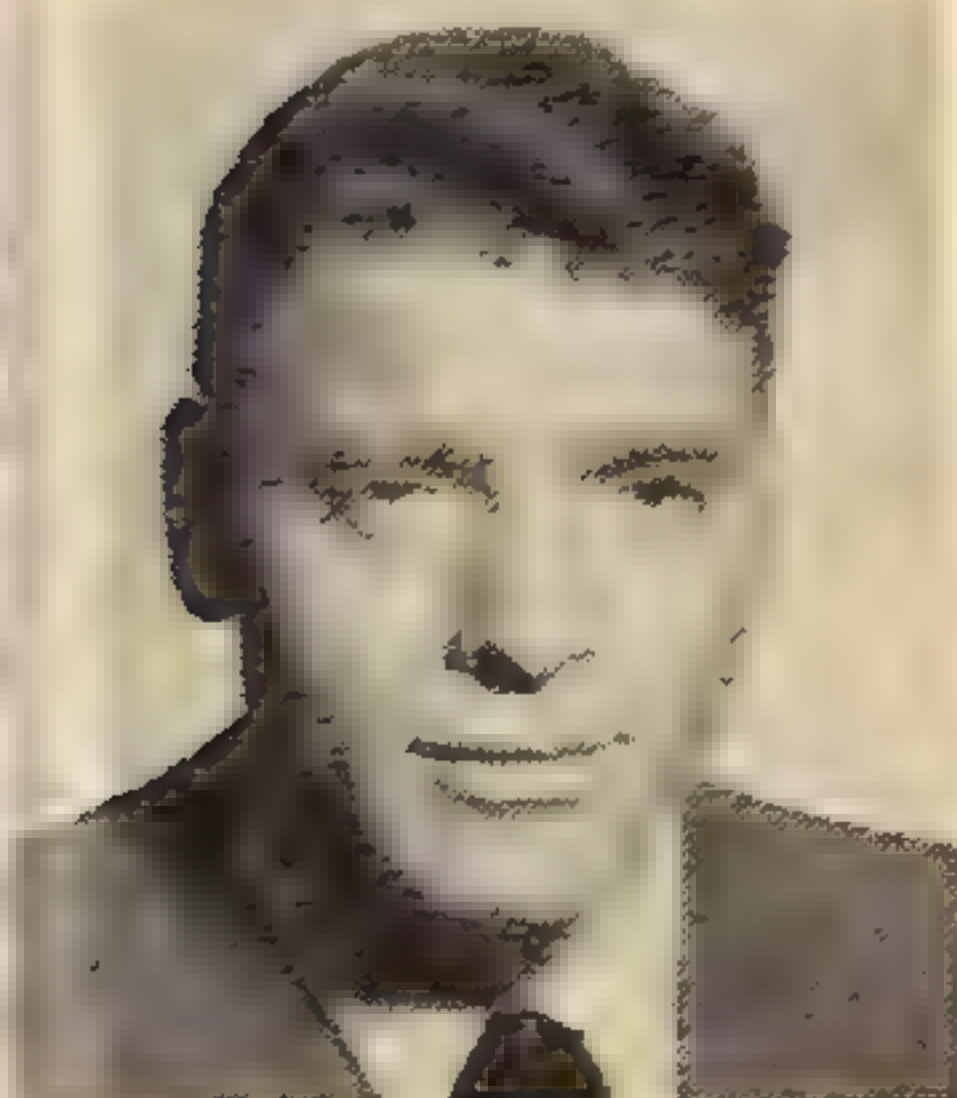
Things will be a lot different when their fourth baby is born, but Jerry will never forget what he went through—to bail his wife and first child out of hock. . . .

Jerry's in Paramount's THE DELICATE DELINQUENT and THE SAD SACK.

NOVEMBER BIRTHDAYS

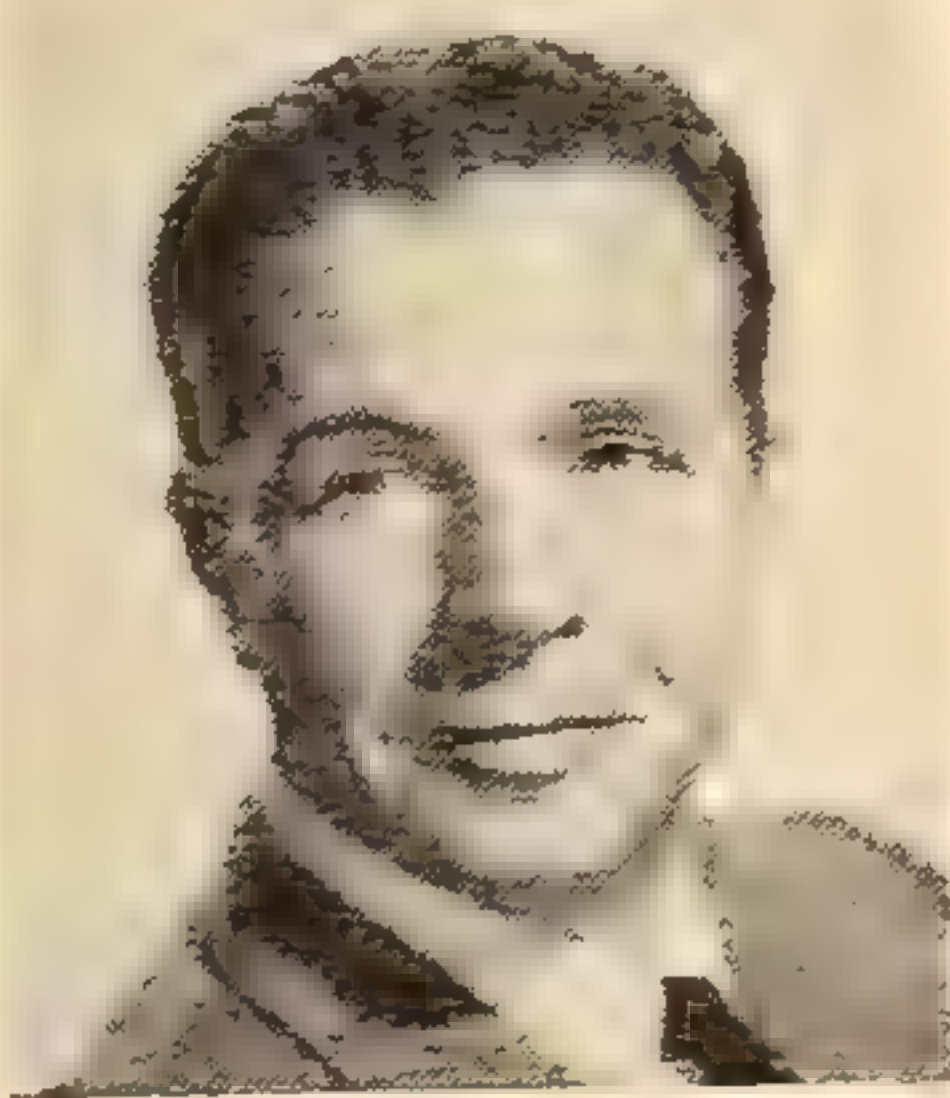
If your birthday falls in November, you're sharing it with:

- November 1—**Jess Richards**
Betsy Palmer
- November 4—**Gig Young**
Cameron Mitchell
- November 5—**Joel McCrea**
Vivien Leigh
Roy Rogers
Richard Davalos
- November 7—**Dean Jagger**
- November 8—**Katharine Hepburn**
- November 9—**Hedy Lamarr**
- November 10—**Richard Burton**
- November 11—**Robert Ryan**
Pat O'Brien
- November 12—**Kim Hunter**
Grace Kelly
- November 13—**Linda Christian**
- November 14—**Veronica Lake**
Brian Keith
- November 15—**Lloyd Bridges**
John Kerr
- November 17—**Rock Hudson**
- November 19—**Clifton Webb**
- November 20—**Evelyn Keyes**
- November 21—**Vivian Blaine**
Ralph Meeker
- November 23—**Boris Karloff**
- November 24—**Howard Duff**
- November 25—**Jeffrey Hunter**
Ricardo Montalban
- November 28—**Gloria Grahame**



Burt Lancaster

November 2



Dick Powell

November 14



Gene Tierney

November 20



Virginia Mayo

November 30

Your birthstone is a topaz.

Your flower is a chrysanthemum.

If you want to send your favorite stars a birthday card, write to them in care of their studio. If you're not certain which studio they are with, write the stars c/o SCREEN ACTORS GUILD, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California.

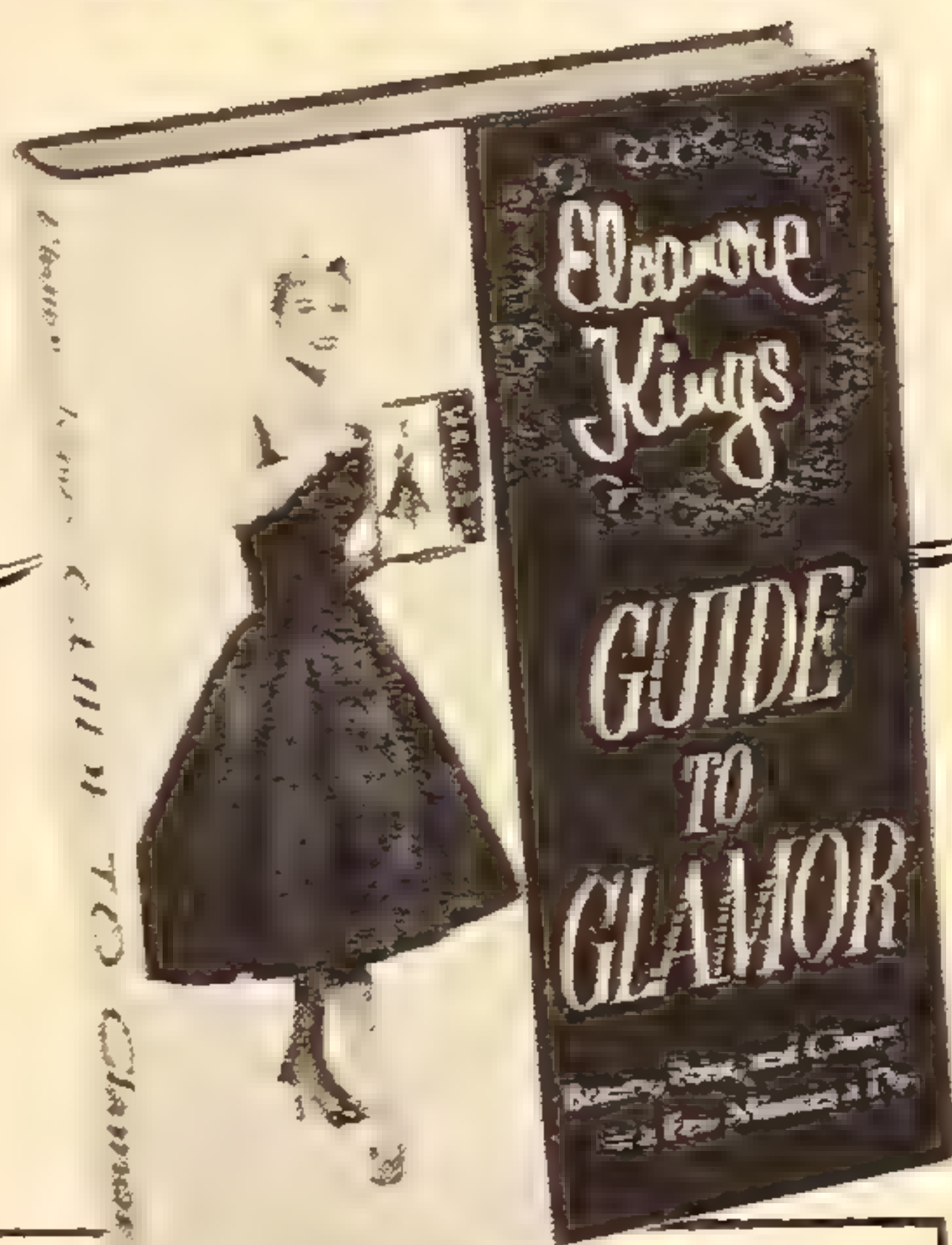
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Eleanore King makes no extravagant claims of changing you into a goddess overnight. Instead she gives you scores of the concrete, practical techniques she has used so successfully in her own classes, to teach over 83,000 women of all ages the secrets of attractiveness. The wonderful methods you get in GUIDE TO GLAMOR are so easy to master! While doing housework, shopping, or chatting with friends—or while in the office on the job—you'll find yourself absorbing these marvelous short-cuts to a more appealing YOU. They will become a living part of your personality almost before you realize it.

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How to prevent and eliminate large pores.
What to do when your face breaks out.

Your Figure

How to slim down unattractive bulges.
How to give yourself a youthful and buoyant bust line.
How to gain weight and fill out your figure.
How to slenderize your bust, waist, hips, thighs.

Your Walk

How to get a graceful rhythm in your walk.
How not to wiggle.

Your Legs

How to slenderize your legs.
What to do for thin legs.
What to do for bow legs.
How to eliminate unsightly muscle bulge.

Your Posture

How to achieve an appealing "youth line."
How to streamline your figure through posture.
How to get upper body control.
How to get lower body control.
What to do with your hands and feet.

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Finding the hair style that flatters your type.
How to get a soft sheen in your hair.

Your Clothes

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How to disguise large hips.
What colors make you more enticing.
Practical tips on planning your wardrobe.
How to avoid overdressing.

Your Conversation

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How to be a gracious hostess.
How to fit into any gathering with ease.
Things to avoid in conversation.
How to make pleasant small talk.

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Your Should
Answer: Be:

- | | | |
|--|--------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Do you receive a compliment every day? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Y |
| Are you afraid to meet new people? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> N |
| Does your date ever take you for granted? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> N |
| Are you self-conscious when passing a crowd? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> N |
| Are you at ease in opening a conversation with a stranger? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Y |
| Do you find it difficult to be the gracious hostess? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> N |
| Do you make a good first impression? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Y |
| Are you frequently invited out to dinner? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Y |
| Do you get a peck instead of a kiss? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> N |
| Do you feel your true self really gets across to others? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Y |

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in
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at your favorite
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co-starring DOLORES
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if he's made his
Thanksgiving
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... Hear **PAT** sing his first screen love songs!

"April Love"



"Clover In The Meadow"



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CINEMASCOPE

IN THIS ISSUE:

★ I never had a nicer party!

★ Modern Screen plays Cupid!

★ Hugh O'Brian and Nancy Sinatra – a new Romance...

★ Wedding Bells for Kim?



Fred and June Kiss Me "Happy Birthday"

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



louella parsons'



Eddie, Debbie, and June and Dick—the Fishers and the Powells, that is—celebrated my birthday with me at Jimmy McHugh's party. And what a lovely celebration!

I went to the most marvelous party—but perhaps I'm prejudiced . . . because it was for me!



I feel like a real scoop-artist—catching Gary Cooper with a smile! Could it be that pretty little Martha Hyer finally managed to tickle Coop's funny-bone with a joke?

I NEVER HAD A NICER PARTY

in my whole life than the wonderful birthday party Jimmy McHugh gave me in the beautiful gardens of his Beverly Hills home. And how could I miss with **Eddie Fisher**, **Tommy Sands** and **Pat Boone** all singing *Happy Birthday* to me? I'd just about made up my mind I wasn't going to celebrate any more birthdays—in public anyway—when this lovely party came along.

The summer afternoon and evening were perfect: white umbrellas dotted the lawn; the flowers were blooming their bloomingest, and the music ranged from Scotch bagpipes to calypso!

Among the first guests to arrive were Maria, Rocky and **Gary Cooper**—Gary a picture of sartorial splendor in pale yellow shirt, yellow tie and slacks and a gray sports jacket. They brought me a large bottle of perfume from Europe which had not yet been released for this country. "An exclusive," Rocky laughingly told me. I got a big kick out of the fact that Maria had made my birthday card herself, and stunning it was, printed in silver lettering with the name of my paper, **THE LOS ANGELES EXAMINER**, across the top like a headline.

I hardly knew **Shirley Jones** when she first walked in with her bridegroom **Jack Cassidy**. In a slim and sophisticated dark sheath, with her hair cut in a most chic manner, she looked nothing like the candy-box type beauty she was in *Oklahoma!* Someone remarked how much she looks like **Eleanor Parker**—and that ain't bad lookin'.

It seemed to me my little friend **Debbie Reynolds** was very quiet and she stuck close to Eddie's side. Debbie's dress was lightweight brown wool with a plaid collar. But Eddie was very exuberant, and he was the one who organized the *Happy Birthday* sing-

GOOD NEWS



LEFT Shirley Jones and handsome hubby Jack Cassidy sample the hors d'oeuvres but Shirley watches her figure, so Jack takes that frankfurter from her!

RIGHT Tab Hunter and Molly Bee a new item? Not on your life! Tommy Sands is who they're talking to! Tommy just happened to be out of range of the cameras.

BELOW Director George Sidney on the left, and my thoughtful host Jimmy McHugh on the other side of me—and lovely Lizabeth Scott rounding out the picture, making my birthday complete. That's Doris Day and her gallant spouse Marty Melcher listening to Danny Thomas. And there's Lizabeth again, with Ann Blyth and Terry Moore—what a charming and attractive threesome they are!

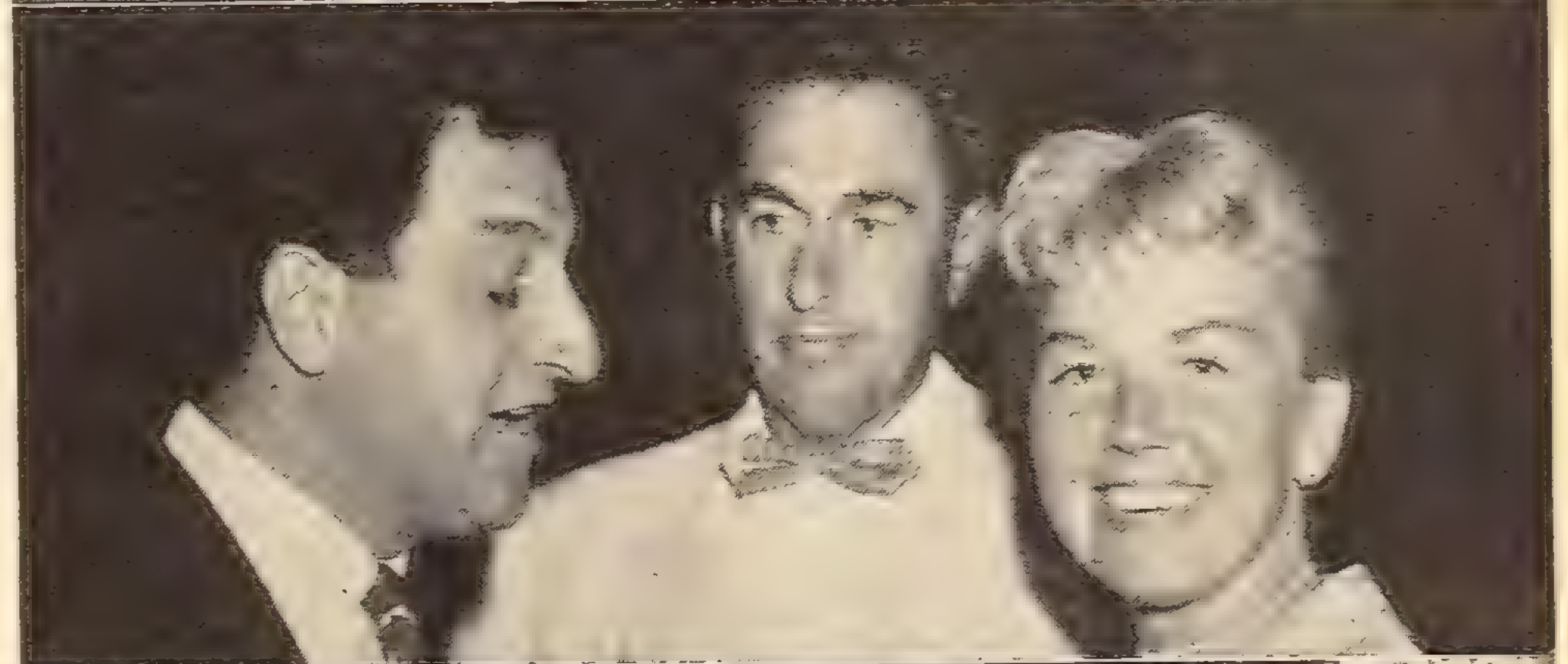


ing in my honor—so very thoughtful of him. I got a kick listening in on **Pat Boone** talking about the thoroughbred race horse he bought in Kentucky while on location for *Spring Love*. If Pat had another *Swaps* on his hands, he couldn't be more excited. Shirley laughingly told me, "He thinks he's going to win all the \$100,000 races with his horse."

Carolyn Jones, who was so striking as the femme fatale in *Bachelor Party*, is equally startling looking off screen, with her sharply clipped black hair. Her cocktail dress was a black and white striped linen.

Susan Oliver, whom I recently nominated for stardom in this department, came with perennially popular bachelor Richard Gully. A few days later, pretty blonde Susan was the victim of a practical joker who reported to the newspapers that Susan had married New York actor Richard Bermudez in Las Vegas. Her studio, WARNER'S, were plenty upset about their fair-haired doll getting married without notifying them, before Susan revealed the hoax by saying "I've never been in Las Vegas and I've never met the man."

So many good friends, literally hundreds of them, dropped by to add luster to this perfect day in my life—**Zsa Zsa Gabor**, bubbling like champagne; **Irene Dunne**, who had just been honored by an appointment to the United Nations by President Eisenhower; **Doris Day** and Marty Melcher, Lucille and Gene Markey, the Buddy Adlers and the Mervyn Le Roys, **Barbara Stanwyck** and **Cesar Romero**, Nancy Sinatra and **Hugh O'Brian**, **Natalie Wood** and **Bob Wagner**, the Nat "King" Coles, **Molly Bee** with **Tommy Sands**, Rosemary and **Bob Stack**, **Gracie Allen** and **George Burns**—all made me happy by coming to Jimmy's lovely party.



MODERN SCREEN PLAYS CUPID:

"I've never been in love before," **Bob Wagner** told me as serious as an owl. "I've never felt about any girl the way I do about **Natalie**. I was miserable away from her all the time I was making *Stopover Tokyo* in Japan."

I claim that's quite an admission from popular Mr. Wagner who, until **Natalie Wood**, had played the field high, wide and handsome. He dated many pretty girls. But, by his own admission, they meant nothing more than charming friends.

"Do you know," he mused, "that big party given in your honor by MODERN SCREEN—after the magazine awards had been presented on Ed Sullivan's tv show last year—well, that party will always stay in my memory because I met Natalie there."

"I forget who she was with, but I came alone. I hung around her until someone finally introduced us. I remember I asked her to lunch with me the next day because I couldn't wait. Was I surprised when she accepted!

"No, we haven't gone steady since then. Natalie dated Nicky Hilton and I took out several other girls."

"I think it took that trip to Tokyo and the long separation from her to make me realize just what my true feelings are."

In fact, Robert is so much in love that he offered to make the sacrifice supreme to an actor and take the second male lead in *Marjorie Morningstar* just to be near the lady of his heart! But his home studio, 20TH CENTURY-FOX, said a loud *Nay!* Be that as it may, it didn't keep Bob from accompanying Natalie East when she left via train for the New York locations.

Whether this romance will lead to marriage, I really don't know. Natalie is a very ambitious girl and also she is very young. Heretofore, she has been very fickle as well.

But there's no doubt of the way Bob feels about her, even though they continue to quarrel and make up and make up and quarrel like all young romancers do.



WEDDING BELLS FOR KIM?

Kim Novak sounded like the happiest girl alive when she called me from New York the day she returned from Europe. She hadn't talked one minute before I realized she has a big crush on Mario Bandini, the handsome Italian who first caught her eye on a previous trip to Europe.

Just how serious this romance is I don't know, although my friend Kim even went so far as to say, "I don't know how we can work out the marriage problem of Mario's work keeping him in Italy and mine keeping me in Hollywood."

The next day, Bandini gave out a statement that he wanted to clear up two points: first, he is not a count, as American papers call him. Secondly, "I don't know whether Miss Novak is in love with me or not." This might have sounded abrupt, but like many foreigners, the handsome Mario may resent "invasion of his privacy" by the press.

Abrupt or not, he'll be here in Hollywood to be with Kim and meet her family.

"But what about Mac Krim?" I asked the excited Kim.

"He is my dear friend," she replied, "but there has never been any talk of marriage between Mac and myself." So that's that—temporarily. I rather remember that Kim was equally through with Mac when her romance with **Frank Sinatra** was at its height. But when it cooled, she was right back with him.

While she was in Europe, I received several chatty and amusing letters from the lovely Novak written by hand. One letter from Paris told me about her "plight" of falling in a patch of poison ivy while exploring some old ruins near the country estate of Mario's sister. "And I look a mess."

From Paris, she wrote enthusiastically about all the sights she was seeing and all the old friends who were visiting her in the very Frank apartment COLUMBIA STUDIOS had rented for her stay.

"The apartment is two stories with a cute little elevator, but it didn't seem so cute when I got stuck in it! For a moment I was really in a panic because the directions for an emergency were written in French. I was so scared, I went absolutely blank on what little French I can read. So I just started poking at the buttons, and soon help came!"

Amusingly enough, this brought back memories of when I was stuck in an elevator in Paris on a visit to France many years ago. Fanny Ward was hostessing a party in my honor and was becoming very annoyed because I was quite late.

What Fanny didn't know—until I was released—was that I was stuck for over thirty minutes in the elevator of her building!

BOVE Kim Novak gets a kiss from her young nephew Billy at the airport in hometown Chicago. That's Mr. and Mrs. Novak looking on—and looking as if they just can't wait to hear when Mario Bandini will be visiting them too!

RIGHT Frank Sinatra wined, dined, and romanced our Kim not too long ago—but I must admit the love-light in her eyes these days—set there by Mario—is something like we've never seen before. It could mean marriage!



MY PERSONAL OPINIONS:



Barbara Stanwyck and **Cesar Romero**, both with silver gray hair, are the best looking mature daters in town. . . .



Tab Hunter is a wise boy in saying that he'll never have another big fight with his studio, and remain on suspension so long. . . .



Sophia Loren proves her sense of humor by getting a big kick out of being called "the Passionate Pizza". . . .

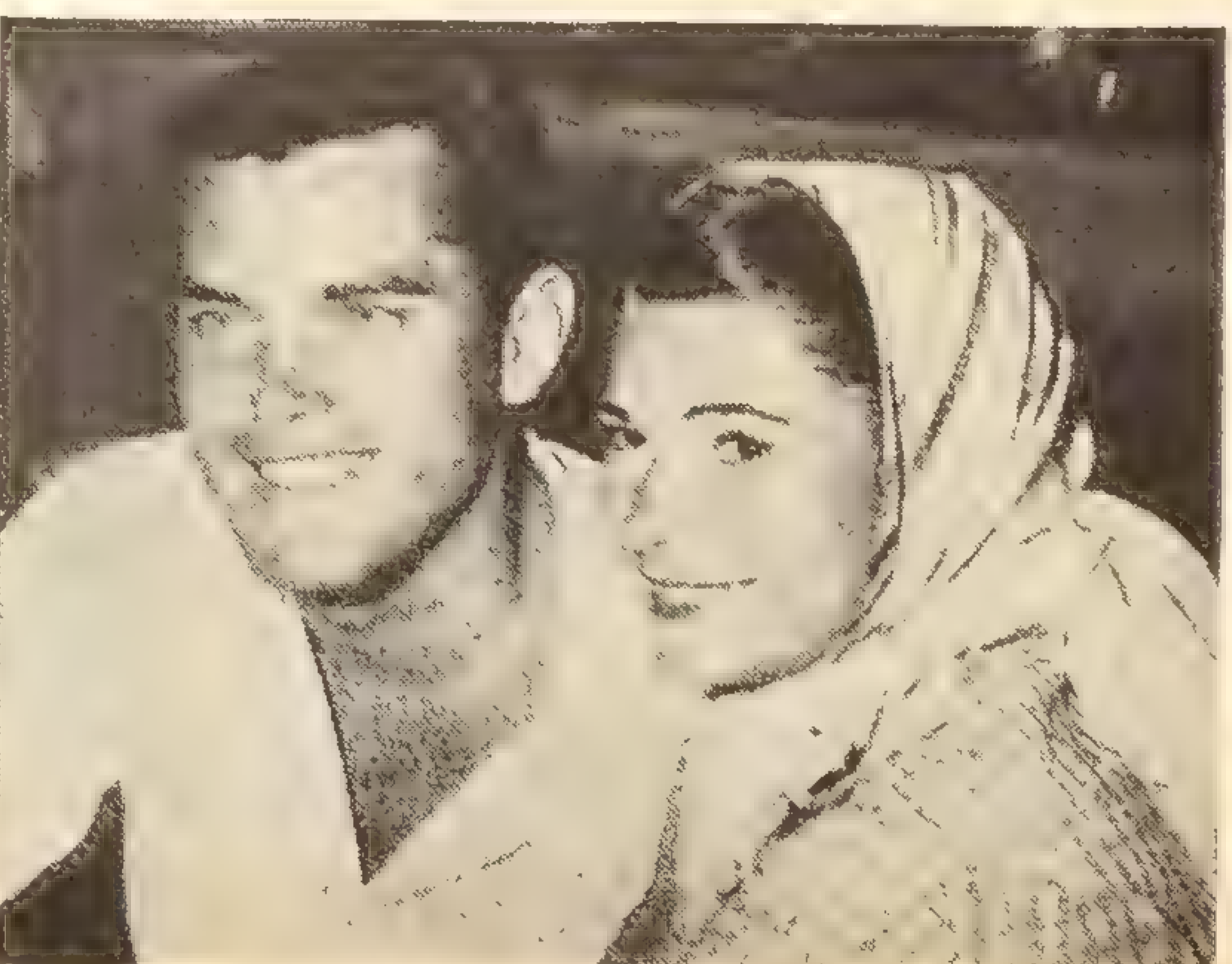


There's been no public quarreling between **Anita Ekberg** and **Anthony Steele** ever since he went solidly on the wagon. . . .



Rhonda Fleming always dresses as though she just stepped from in front of a technicolor camera. She prefers to wear dresses of blue the color of her eyes, with a trim of gold—the color of her hair. And she always looks beautiful. . . .

What's the matter? **Mike Todd** hasn't bought **Elizabeth Taylor** a new diamond in two months! . . .



Jeffrey Hunter's fans don't mind in the least that he married **Dusty Bartlett**. But **Tommy Sands'** fans act like they'll commit hara kiri if he gets married. . . .

ROMANCE OF THE MONTH:



I honestly believe that **Hugh O'Brian**, Wyatt Earp to you, would ask Nancy Sinatra to marry him if there weren't so many *if's* between them.

Hugh told me himself he had never met a finer woman than Frank's ex-wife. He told me that she is a wonderfully sympathetic person to be around. "She is intelligent and so pretty and always so interested in what you are saying to her instead of thinking about whether her lipstick is on straight," he said.

Hugh and Nancy have been acquainted for some time. But their friendship began to blossom when he became seriously interested in singing—and I can tell you that this boy has a fine voice. Wait until you hear his record, *Hugh O'Brian Sings The Songs of Wyatt Earp!*

He began inviting Nancy to go with him to cut his records and she gave him good advice. After all, you'll agree that she's a girl who should know something about singing and records after twelve years as Mrs. Frank Sinatra.

I understand it is Nancy who has insisted on keeping their friendship on just that basis—friendship. Despite the fact that she is the mother of three, the eldest being seventeen-year-old Nancy, Jr.—she is only thirty-six and Hugh is thirty-two. Many couples have surmounted an age difference much greater than that.

But Nancy told Hugh, like the good pal she is, "You've never been married. My family is growing up. You meet some nice young girl and start your family from the beginning."

A wise woman, this Nancy.

NOMINATE FOR STARDOM . . .



Shirley MacLaine, the green-eyed honey from *Pajama Game* and other musical hits on Broadway, who is coming up fast as a non-singing, non-dancing dramatic actress in movies.

Until **Natalie Wood** was actually handed *Marjorie Morningstar*, Shirley was the hottest contender for this prize acting part.

A top agent told me, "She is going to be big league whether or not she ever sings another note. She's got what it takes."

Surprisingly enough, Missy MacLaine has never had a dramatic lesson in her life.

Ask her how she came by her natural dramatic ability and she says, "I just try to capture the mood of the character. I try to think as she does, even when I'm away from the cameras."

This original system has paid off well because Shirley is featured in *The Matchmaker* for Don Hartman, which is now in production. She's completed *Hot Spell*, a stark drama with Shirley Booth. She was the engaging heroine of Mike Todd's *Around the World in 80 Days*, and she was properly mysterious in Alfred Hitchcock's thriller *The Trouble With Harry*.

Born Shirley Beatty, in Arlington, Virginia, she hails from a non-theatrical family. "But it never occurred to me that there was any profession other than acting for me," she says. After two small parts in Broadway musicals she was handed her smash role in *Pajama Game* singing *Hernando's Hideaway* and *Steam Heat*.

In private life she's married to Steve Parker and has a year-old daughter named Stephanie. 21

I'm on my SOAP BOX...



... to throw a big kiss to **Rosanno Brazzi**, an Italian, for having the courage to stand up and de-bunk the popular idea that movies made in Italy and other European countries are sheer art and Hollywood's product is purely commercial.

"If, by art, they mean showing just the poverty-stricken side of conditions against slum backgrounds with character types who look as though they were on the verge of starvation, then I agree the European output is artistic," he snorts.

"But the seamy side of life in my native country of today is no more authentic than a series based on *Grapes Of Wrath* would reflect conditions in the USA of 1957. There have been so many pictures, particularly the ones made by Vittorio di Sica, about street urchins and heroines in tatters, that some fans I have met have asked me if we have modern plumbing in Italy!"

Rosanno, who was just briefly in Hollywood en route to Honolulu for *South Pacific*—in which he plays the role created by the late beloved **Ezio Pinza**—is really steamed up on this subject. "Why don't they make some movies showing the gorgeous clothes created in Italy by the Fontana sisters and many other great designers? What is wrong with glamor? The world loves it, and beauty and luxury are rampant throughout much of Italy and Europe.

"So they laugh at American producers—in some quarters—for making films that glorify this country. They call them 'commercial' and unimportant. They are so unimportant that they have just made the entire world hope and beg to be permitted to come to the USA to live—that's all."

Well-spoken, my friend.

THE LETTER BOX:

From Albany, Lora, Toni and Nina ask me if we've all noticed "The strong resemblance between **Shirley Jones** and **Piper Laurie**, **Rock Hudson** and **Race Gentry**, **Valerie Allen** and **Ava Gardner**, **Tommy Sands** and **Dewey Martin**, **Tony Perkins** and **John Cassavetes** and **Pat Boone** and **Craig Hill**?" Come to think of it, girls, there are some strong look-alikes in there. . . .

"Where do you get that stuff that **Inger Stevens** is Swedish?" asks B. Deering, of New York, who signs the letter, "angrily yours." I get 'that stuff' straight from her biography, which states that Inger was born in Stockholm, Sweden. . . .

Alicia Adams, Stockton, California, suggests: "How about **Paul Newman** to play the title role in the life of **John Garfield** which I understand is to be filmed?" Not a bad idea, Alicia, not bad at all. . . .

"I sneer every time I hear one of the 'poor' Hollywood producers crying for good talent when they let a great artist like **Howard Keel** go a long time between pictures," writes Sandra Friedman, Philadelphia. Howard has been doing very well on the nightclub circuit,

Sandra, and he's making plenty of moola, so don't worry. . . .

Ina Newberg thinks **Carolyn Jones** is the most distinctive of the new actresses, and says many friends in Indianapolis agree with her after seeing Carolyn in *Bachelor Party*: "She is a young **Bette Davis** and can be developed into as fine an actress as Bette if she is given the right parts," opines Ina. It may amuse you to know that **Bette Davis** herself sees a remarkable likeness between them. "I had the feeling I was seeing myself twenty years ago when I met Carolyn for the first time," said Bette to me. . . .

"You seldom run letters from fans in Wyoming" prods Genevieve Herrera of Lingle, Wyoming, "so it may surprise you to hear that we are just crazy about **Elvis Presley** here and his pictures make lots of money at the box office." Glad to hear about Elvis from another part of the country, Genevieve. . . .

"Miss" Ruby Jones, who states that she is thirteen years old and hails from New Orleans, has a mind of her own—and how! "I really resent your referring to **Natalie Wood**, that fiend for publicity, as the idol

of the teenagers!" An awful lot of teenagers think Natalie is just tops, "Miss" Jones, but obviously not you. . . .

From Houston, Texas, Mary Burton wants the world to know: "That handsome British star **William Travers** of *WEE GEORGE* and *BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE STREET* is beginning to shine brightly over Texas these days. Will you do a story about him and please your Texas fans, ma'am?" You'll have to speak to my good friend, editor David Myers, about that, ma'am. . . .

"I have a very strong feeling that I am going to marry **Elvis Presley**," states Vivian Carroll, Frankfort, Kentucky. "Please let me know when he plans to come to Kentucky so we can meet." No comment. . . .

Kathleen McMasters, Detroit, says: "I would much rather have seen **Doris Day** than **Mitzi Gaynor** in that great musical, *SOUTH PACIFIC*." You haven't seen Mitzi in it yet, Kathleen.

That's all for now. See you next month.

Luella Parsons

Here's the only pincurl permanent that gives you

Weatherproof Curls!

*"...takes to water
like a duck"*



You get soft, shiny curls 5 times faster!
Guaranteed to last longer than any other pincurl wave!

Even in the rain you look so pretty with new Pin-Quick! Weather and water can't weaken *these* curls. They're locked in to *last*!

Softer curls! Only new Pin-Quick gives you Lano-Clear Lotion, babies your hair with lanolin as it waves in soft, casual curls!

More shine than ever before! Only wonderful new Silicone in Pin-Quick can put such a dancing twinkle in your hair!

And Pin-Quick's 5 times faster! The only pincurl permanent with a neutralizer...dry it safely in minutes with a dryer or in the sun! Get new Weatherproof Pin-Quick now.



RICHARD HUDNUT'S PROMISE!

New Pin-Quick is guaranteed to last longer than any other pincurl permanent—or your money back.

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New Siliconed

PIN-QUICK

by

RICHARD HUDNUT

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SPECIAL OFFER!



for just 50¢
and front panel
of "Lysol" carton!

"Tinykit" is really tiny!—You can hide it away in your drawer or your traveling bag!

It contains a latex douche bag with a scientifically designed nozzle—exactly as approved by doctors for douching. Plus a waterproof case.

It's yours—from "Lysol"—for just 50¢ and the front panel of a "Lysol" carton.

Send for "Tinykit"! Use coupon below. Limited time only.

Use "Lysol" regularly in your douche. Don't fool yourself with vinegar.

Vinegar can't do the job the way that "Lysol" does.

"Lysol" kills odor-causing bacteria on contact. Keeps you sweet and clean inside! And, it's mild! Can't hurt you. Buy it today.

Lysol

BRAND DISINFECTANT

A Lehn & Fink Product

"Tinykit," P.O. Box 128, Akron 8, Ohio

Please send me "Tinykit" in plain wrapper; enclosed is 50¢ and front panel of "Lysol" carton.

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ Zone: _____ State: _____

new movies (Continued from page 8)

TIME LIMIT

aftermath of Korea

Richard Widmark
Richard Basehart
Dolores Michaels
Martin Balsam
June Lockhart

Whatever happened in that prison camp in Korea, Major Richard Basehart is going to pay for it via a court martial. Branded a traitor, he offers no defense. His prison mates won't defend him either, even though they once respected him highly. Colonel Richard Widmark, who must recommend army action, senses that there is more to Basehart's case than meets the eye. Also, Widmark is one of the rare people who does not take the word justice lightly. A great deal of suspense is generated in what one would expect to be a talky, static film. It is suspenseful because it probes deeply and articulately into the souls of several men, and because, in detective-story fashion, a specific, harrowing event at the camp is uncovered which accounts for Basehart's treachery. In the end, the picture asks a question that possibly no one can answer. If you want food for thought, go see this absorbing, excellent film.—U.A.

PICK-UP ALLEY

where dope comes from

Victor Mature
Trevor Howard
Anita Ekberg
Bonar Colleano
Alec Mango

There have been a rash of movies about what happens to drug addicts. Here's an international suspense thriller about how the drugs are smuggled into the country. Seems that Trevor Howard is behind it all. He is a devilishly clever, cruel and highly successful operator. The minute the movie opens he strangles a government agent, female, who's about to identify him to the authorities. This agent is the sister of Victor Mature and Mature, also a government man, sees his duty and goes at it with a vengeance. A stand-out in the long list of scurvy characters who are dodging the international police while passing heroin from hand to scurvy hand is Anita Ekberg. Trevor's power over her lies in the fact that she thinks she killed his partner—she only nicked him in the chest in self-defense. Mature follows a violence-strewn trail from Lisbon to Rome to Athens to New York. The characters are not very appetizing, but they get what they deserve.—COLUMBIA.

JOHNNY TROUBLE

soap opera in a boys' dorm

Ethel Barrymore
Cecil Kellaway
Carolyn Jones
Jessie White
Stuart Whitman

Bring your handkerchiefs along to *Johnny Trouble*. Miss Ethel Barrymore knows how to make you cry. She's a widow who's been living in a hotel near a university. Long ago, her son attended the university, but was expelled. She hasn't seen him in twenty-seven years; neither has she lost faith. Well, the university buys the hotel, evicts the tenants and turns it into a boys' dorm. Boys! One of them—Stuart Whitman—is a wild, embittered ex-Marine who is not exactly wet behind the ears. Miss Barrymore refuses to move out. Since she is confined to a wheelchair, has the charm and authority of a *grande dame* and legally owns the apartment, she has a good case. She also has a good friend and chauffeur (Cecil Kellaway) who looks after her. That is, before all the college boys adopt her. The thing is, she's convinced that Stuart Whitman is her grandson. Due to her wise and loving ways he not only reforms, but gets married—to

Carolyn Jones, who, until this point, had been a wild one herself.—WARNERS.

SLIM CARTER

an orphan finds a home

Jock Mahoney
Julie Adams
Tim Hovey
William Hopper
Joanna Moore

If a child shall lead us, let it be Tim Hovey who is one of the cutest kids in Hollywood. He plays an orphan who has won a contest—first prize. It's a month's vacation at the luxurious ranch of his movie idol, singing cowboy Jock Mahoney. Jock sings all right but he's also woman crazy and hardly the paternal type. Publicist Julie Adams discovered him, created his public personality and now is stuck with it. She sweeps the ranch clean of blondes, bullies Jock into acting like a hero for Tim and stays around to protect that little boy's interests. It turns out that Tim doesn't need much protection. His obvious worship of Jock works close to a miracle.—CINEMASCOPE, U-I.

THE WOMAN IN A DRESSING GOWN

middle-class love story

Yvonne Mitchell
Anthony Quayle
Andrew Ray
Sylvia Syms

Here is a delightful, beautifully-acted British film. It's about a completely scatter-brained housewife (Yvonne Mitchell) whose flat always looks like a hurricane struck it. She doesn't look much better in her perennial dressing gown. But she's very much in love with her bookkeeper husband (Anthony Quayle) and devoted to their teen-age son (Andrew Ray). They all seem happy, although it's touch and go whether they'll get a breakfast egg on a plate or in the eye. This pleasant squalor has secretly proven too much for Quayle though, and he finds himself in love with a young, efficient, *tidy* secretary (Sylvia Syms). Trouble is, he can't bring himself to tell his wife he wants a divorce. When he finally does bring himself, with the help of Sylvia, there is much revealed about the scope of a man's dreams, the nature of love and the claim that twenty years of living with someone puts on it.—WARNERS.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THE PRIDE AND THE PASSION (CinemaScope, U.A.): The year's 1840. Napoleon's troops are bringing the Spanish army to heel and, in order to run faster, the Spaniards get rid of a forty-foot-long cannon by tossing it over a cliff. Frank Sinatra can't agree with Cary Grant on that. Then there's Sophia Loren; she's torn too—between Spain's destiny and Cary Grant.

THE JAMES DEAN STORY (Warners): Here is a portrait of James Dean, the boy who lived "with a great hunger." After his death his fans wouldn't let him go. His childhood is retold, relatives and friends are interviewed, and still photographs are brought to life. All this is an attempt to explain what drove him to become a rebel and an actor.

NO DOWN PAYMENT (20th-Fox): This is the story of four couples, neighbors in a ranch-style housing development in California. If it weren't for the good old installment plan, not one of those houses would be inhabited. These people not only have to meet their payments, but they also have to learn how to live with themselves and each other. It's fast-moving, well acted, and explosive.

BAND OF ANGELS (CinemaScope, Warners): Life on the old plantation was fine for Yvonne De Carlo until daddy dies and slave trader Ray Teal comes to collect Yvonne and put her up for auction. Gable plunks down \$5,000 for her and treats her like a lady. Then comes bloodshed, rebellion, and plenty of excitement.

COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents

RITA HAYWORTH



FRANK SINATRA



KIM NOVAK



Pal Joey

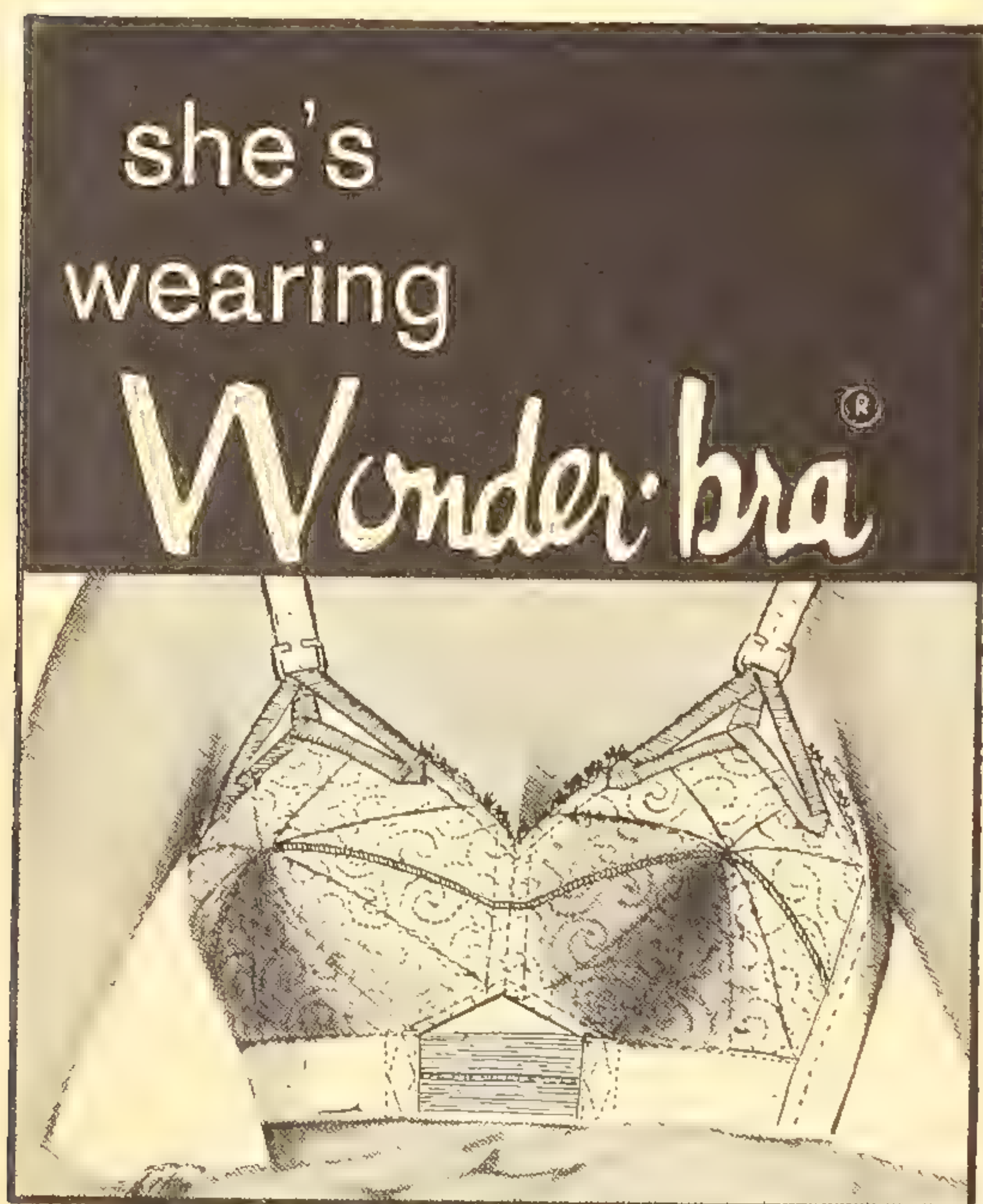
TECHNICOLOR®

Screen Play by DOROTHY KINGSLEY • Based on the play • PAL JOEY • Book by JOHN O'HARA • Music by RICHARD RODGERS • Lyrics by LORENZ HART
An ESSEX-GEORGE SIDNEY Production • Produced on the stage by GEORGE ABBOTT • Produced by FRED KOHLMAR • Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY



A beautiful woman not only looks beautiful, she feels beautiful. That's why her bra is a Wonder-Bra... for true comfort, definite separation, complete support. The wonder-action of the patented* diagonal-slash opens as you lift—makes a natural adjustment to your body action, keeps your bosom within the cup at all times. Lift as high as you like—it's as simple as adjusting a slip-strap. Unlike ordinary bras, the higher you lift, the firmer the separation—with individual cup control. The fit? Day-long perfection, whether you're full, medium, small, or that *in-between-cup* size. Wearing a bra can be a thrilling experience when it's a Wonder-Bra, the bra that makes you look—and feel—beautiful!

*the lift action of Wonder-Bra has earned a construction patent from the U.S. Government



Embroidered cotton in A, B, C and D cup, white, black. Also in plain cotton, lace, nylon, marquisette and satin, in white, pink, black.

Wonder-Bras are priced from \$1.75 to \$10. You'll find them at fine stores everywhere, or write Wonder-Bra, Dept. MO, 135 Madison Avenue, New York 16, for name of store nearest you in the United States or Canada.



JAMES MAC ARTHUR GETS THE GOOD NEWS



■ You'd think his own Mother would know James MacArthur pretty well, inside and out. But there was one time when he set her back on her heels! And it was all over a couple of reviews. . . .

Now actress Helen Hayes—Jimmy's Mother—is an old trouser, both on stage and in front of the cameras, and waiting up for the papers to see what the reviewers had to say is nothing new to her. But this time she was more nervous than she'd ever been before in her whole life, and the notices wouldn't even be about her!

But it's understandable. Because she was waiting for the notices on her son. *The Young Stranger* had just been premièred that evening, and Jimmy had been the star of it.

"Of course the reviews will be good," she kept muttering to herself. "He was absolutely superb." But there was a little part of her brain that nagged away with the thought, "You'd think he was absolutely superb if he'd played one of the mummies in a horror film . . . you're his mother!"

Then the other part of her brain said right back, "He *was* superb!" She was just reaching for the empty cup again, the cup she kept forgetting didn't have any more coffee in it, when the papers arrived. And the reviews *were* good!

She couldn't wait till morning to telephone Jimmy, and as early as she dared, Helen Hayes put through a call to HARVARD where Jimmy was working towards his degree.

"Mother?" a sleepy James MacArthur asked into the telephone.

"Darling, did you see them? The reports?" Helen asked her son. "They're marvelous!"

"Zoweeeeeeee!" his yell almost burst her ear-drum, and there wasn't a sleepy note left. Then there was a moment of silence. And then a puzzled Jimmy asked, "But . . . how do you know? I don't even know yet!"

"The papers, Jimmy," his proud mother answered, "it's in the papers! The reviews are in today's newspapers!"

"The reviews? Oh," said a quiet, disappointed, very *unexcited* Jimmy with not even a little *zowie* in him. "I thought you were talking about my class marks here at school."

And as Helen Hayes, on one end of the phone, glowed while she re-read the flattering words written about her son's screen debut—on the other end, a worried James MacArthur bit off another bit of nail and asked in a worried voice that sounded very much like a little boy very much in need of comforting words, "Mom . . . do you think I passed?"

He did pass. With spades.

"Then," laughs this still-slightly-surprised Mother, "after he got his grades, Jimmy got all excited about the reviews!"

James MacArthur's currently in RKO's *THE YOUNG STRANGER* released by U-I, and will soon be in Disney's *THE LIGHT IN THE FOREST*.

"Like-New" Softness, Fluffiness for All Wash-Hardened Clothes, Towels, Linens



The new 1958 General Electric Filter-Flo® Washer with Wash-to-Order Fabric Keys has a rinse dispenser that can add Sta-Puf to the final rinse automatically. Now, proper fabric care is easier than ever . . . just press one key to select the right combination of wash and spin speeds, wash and rinse water temperatures—there's no guessing. Then, set the desired wash time and add Sta-Puf to the dispenser. From there on it's all automatic, with every operation performed at the right time to give you clean, bright, soft, and fluffy clothes.



Makes even inexpensive muslins feel like percales! You'll be astonished at the rich, soft feel that bed linens get from their first STA-PUF rinse. And ironing, too, becomes a breeze. (You'll find that much of your flatwork needs no ironing at all!) And wait till you see your blankets—so smooth, so fluffy, so soft!



Wonderful for shirts and dresses. Does away with "sandpaper" collars and cuffs—yet keeps the crisp, starched look you want. Another extra . . . Sta-Puf fluffs up matted down woollens . . . ordinary sweaters feel like cashmere! You'll be delighted with the downy richness and fleecy texture your favorite woollens regain.



Remember—

Detergent-washing
Hardens Clothes—

Sta-Puf®

Makes Them
SOFT Again!

Once you try
STA-PUF you'll
never be with-
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Double-Your-Money-Back Guarantee! Get STA-PUF at your grocer's today. See how unbelievably soft and fluffy it makes *all* washables, even when dried indoors. STA-PUF is extra-economical . . . costs only pennies a wash. *Double your money back* if not delighted. A. E. Staley Mfg. Co., Decatur, Ill.



NEW! Clearasil *Lotion* Medication

Doctors' Scientific Formula

'STARVES' PIMPLES

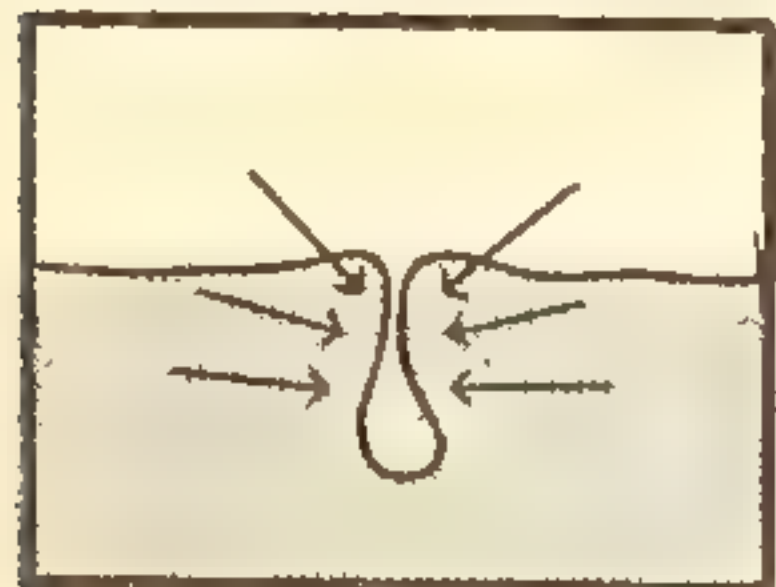
SKIN-COLORED . . . hides pimples while it works

CLEARASIL is the new-type medication especially for pimples. Clinical tests prove it *really works*. And now you can get CLEARASIL as a smooth, soothing lotion in handy squeeze-bottle! In Tube or Lotion, CLEARASIL gives you the medications prescribed by leading skin specialists . . . works in a way no so-called "medicated" cosmetic or skin-cream can!

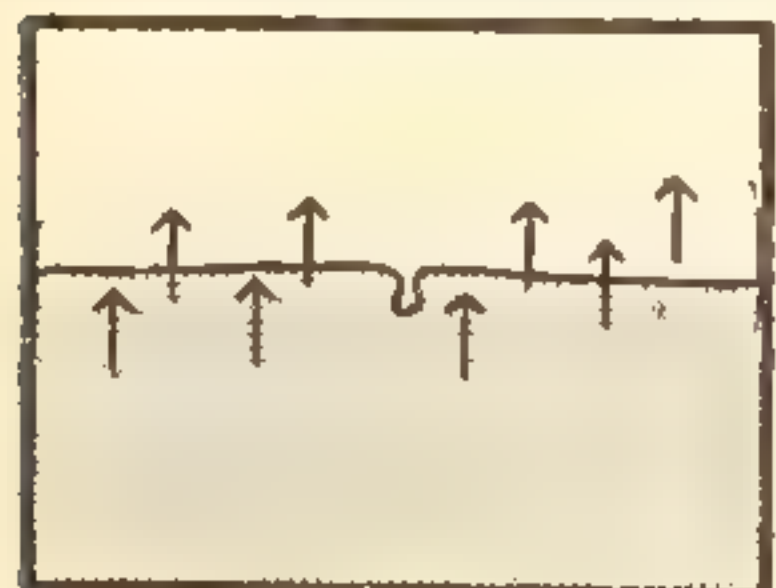
How Clearasil Works Fast:



1. Penetrates pimples . . . 'keratolytic' action softens, dissolves affected skin tissue so medications can penetrate . . . encourages quick growth of healthy, smooth skin!



2. Stops bacteria . . . antiseptic action stops growth of the bacteria that can cause and spread pimples . . . helps prevent further pimple outbreaks!



3. 'Starves' pimples . . . oil-absorbing action 'starves' pimples . . . dries up and helps remove excess oil that 'feeds' pimples . . . works fast to clear up pimples!

Also, the penetrating medical action you get with CLEARASIL softens and loosens blackheads so they 'float' out with normal washing. And CLEARASIL works at the source of the blackhead problem by drying up

excess skin oil which may clog pores. Skin-colored CLEARASIL blends with any complexion, hides pimples and blackheads amazingly while it works! It's greaseless and stainless, pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

Proved by Skin Specialists . . . Guaranteed! In clinical tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases of pimples were completely cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (either Lotion or Tube). It's *guaranteed* to work for you or money back! Economical, long-lasting Lotion squeeze-bottle, only \$1.25 (no fed. tax) or Tube, 69¢ and 98¢. Get CLEARASIL at all drug counters.



**Largest-Selling
Pimple Medication
In America
(Including Canada)**

ATTACHMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
**Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping**
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Clearasil
PIMPLES and ACNE



VAN SEES RED! RED SOCKS, THAT IS . . .

■ First thing Van Johnson used to do after the day's shooting was over on his latest film *Action Of The Tiger* was to go to his dressing room and change from his grey socks he wore in front of the camera to his red ones, the celebrated red ones he wears off the set.

"Just why do you wear them?" asked a curious technician.

"When I was an unknown actor," Van explained, "no one talked to me at the formal dinner parties. I sat alone and felt miserable."

"One night I wore a pair of red socks because I had nothing else without holes. Everyone asked me about them. The socks started conversation in all directions! That's how it began as a conversation piece."

"But why do you *still* wear them?"

Van shrugged. "Who knows?" he grinned.

But things changed one day . . . and out they went!

He was sitting in the lounge of his hotel, legs crossed and displaying his celebrated red socks.

In came actor Tony Dawson, who'd just arrived in Spain for his role in the movie.

Tony sat down, crossed his legs. Red socks!

"Say," drawled Van, "red socks are a priority."

Dawson just grinned, hitched his trousers a little higher and smiled maliciously at Van.

Ten minutes later they were joined by another newcomer, actor Sean Connery.

He sat down, crossed his legs and displayed—you guessed it—red socks!

"Look here," cried Van, "you people are ruining my gimmick."

And the next night, probably for the first time for years, Van was wearing grey socks.

"I never wanted to be a leader in fashion," sighed the new-conservative Van.

Van is currently in MGM's *ACTION OF THE TIGER*.



**IT'S NOT SO EASY
TO GET MARRIED!"**

A baker was awakened at ten at night to bake the wedding cake. The wedding ring was purchased in the five and ten cent store. The street florist on the corner, whose name by strange coincidence was Aphrodite, supplied the wedding bouquet. And the couple were married at *one o'clock in the morning*. With all this chaotic preparation, it was "yet the nicest wedding I ever attended" in the opinion of Kim Hunter, stage, TV and motion picture star. You see—it was her *own* wedding. To Robert Emmett, whom Kim met when both were playing in *Two Blind Mice*. The reason for the chaos was that they both wanted an ordained minister to marry them.

"Bob and I wanted a religious ceremony," said Kim as she sat in the dressing room of the WOMETCO THEATRE in Miami, Florida, where she was making personal appearances for her film *The Young Stranger*.

"The minister we both wanted was Dr. Earl Voss," she went on to explain. "He had been away on a lecture tour and was going away on another. He was only going to be in town for several days and since Bob was working in *Two On The Aisle* we couldn't find a time that was convenient for both, except that hour before the minister's plane left for Texas."

Kim laughed. "So Bob went off to work and the minister went to take a nap so he could be wide awake for our wedding."

There was a hurried wedding and only a one-night honeymoon, but Kim's marriage to Robert Emmett has been a happy one—"There have been all the joys and warmth of togetherness." Despite the fact that the ten-cent wedding ring was exchanged for a much more expensive one shortly after the wedding ceremony, Kim still treasures the one from the five and ten cent store. It is kept in a safe place along with the sermon which Dr. Voss preached at one o'clock in the morning.

Kim's in U-I's THE YOUNG STRANGER.

For the most beautiful hair in the world
4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE
LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO!



JOAN COLLINS uses
Lustre-Creme Lotion Shampoo
because it's a rich liquid
in mild, mild form!

She says: "There's just no shampoo like it for me—I love the way it pours on, rich as cream! And it leaves my hair so soft and shining, I can do *ANYTHING* with it—even right after a shampoo!"

Joan Collins

Lotion or Creme—
just pour it on or cream it on.
LANOLIN-BLESSED—needs
no after-rinse!

Never dries . . . it beautifies



Lotion or Cream



you'll l♥ve yourself
in the morning...



See Suzy Parker in "Kiss Them For Me"
—a Jerry Wald Prod. for 20th Century-Fox.

when you wake up without pale, faded lips!

It does so much for your morale to wake up beautiful—ripe color on your lips! With Coty "24", the lipstick cleanses off at night but the color stays on. Your lips are soft, smooth... have that luscious moist-gleam, always bright and glistening. Coty "24" won't cake or splotch or feather. It creams on; never dries your lips. And from dawning to yawning, your lips are "alive" with color! Quick, quick...see for yourself.

© by Coty, Inc., 1957



Coty
"24"
1.25
plus
tax
Refills .90
For a glamorous
hair spray, ask for
PERFUMED CURL-SET
—rich with true Coty perfumes.

MEMO

Suppose Frank Sinatra Was Your Dad...

■ Say you pick up the newspaper, or a magazine, and you sit down with a Coke for a half hour of relaxation before homework.

And it hits you.

Right on the front page, or page three.

A story about your dad, or your mother.

A vicious, shocking story that—knowing your dad or your mother like you do—you *know* can't be true.

But there's nothing you can do about it . . .

That's what's been happening to a lot of kids lately, the kids who belong to the stars. Kids who see their fathers and their mothers every day and know what they're really like.

Three of those kids have the last name *Sinatra*.

On the next page is an open letter from MODERN SCREEN to those three kids—Nancy, Frankie Jr., and Christina.

Right now, when the air is full of scandal, we think it's important, Nancy, Frankie Jr., and Christina, that you read this letter about your Dad—and never forget it . . .

David Hughes

EDITOR

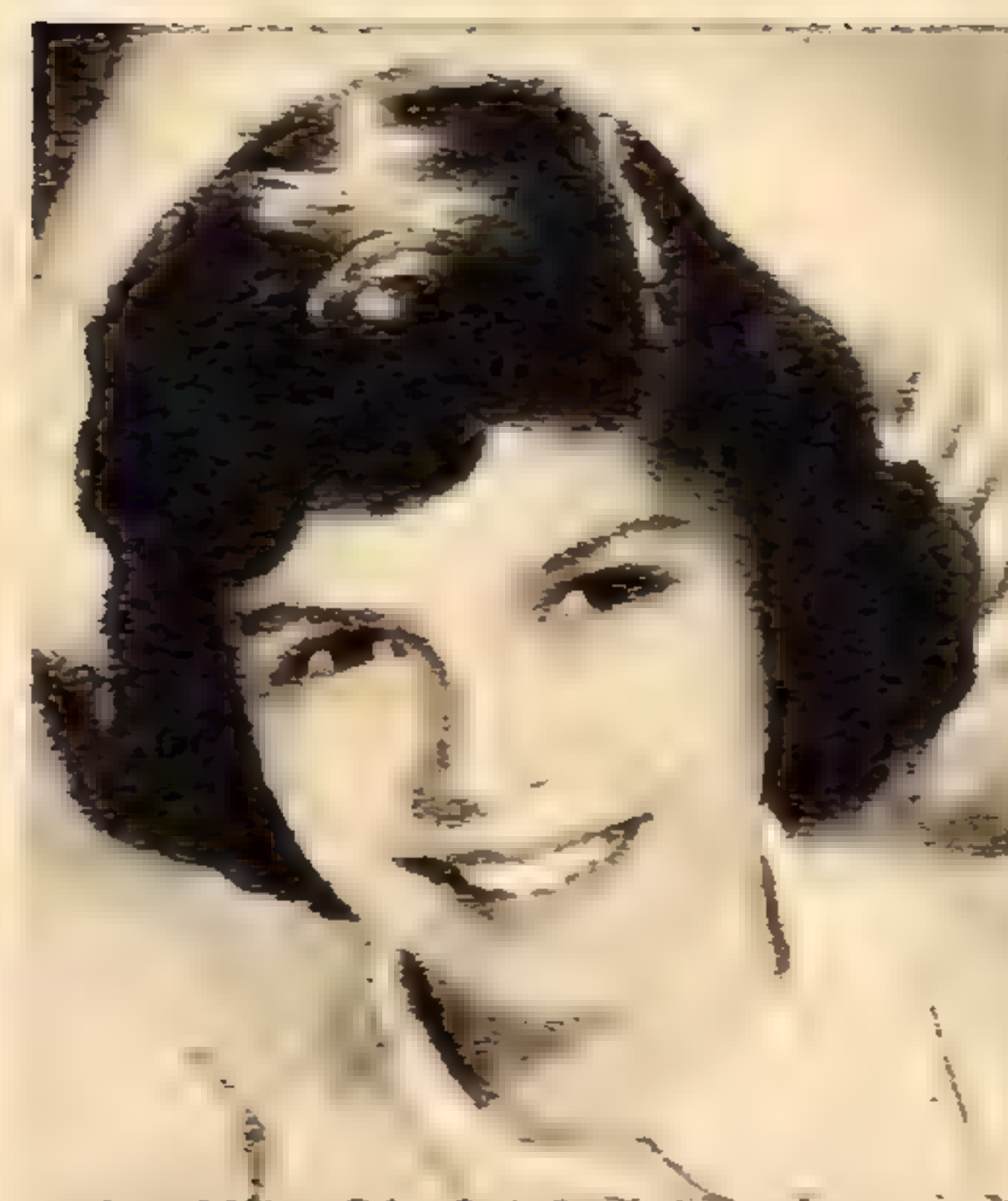


OPEN LETTER TO FRANK SINATRA'S KIDS

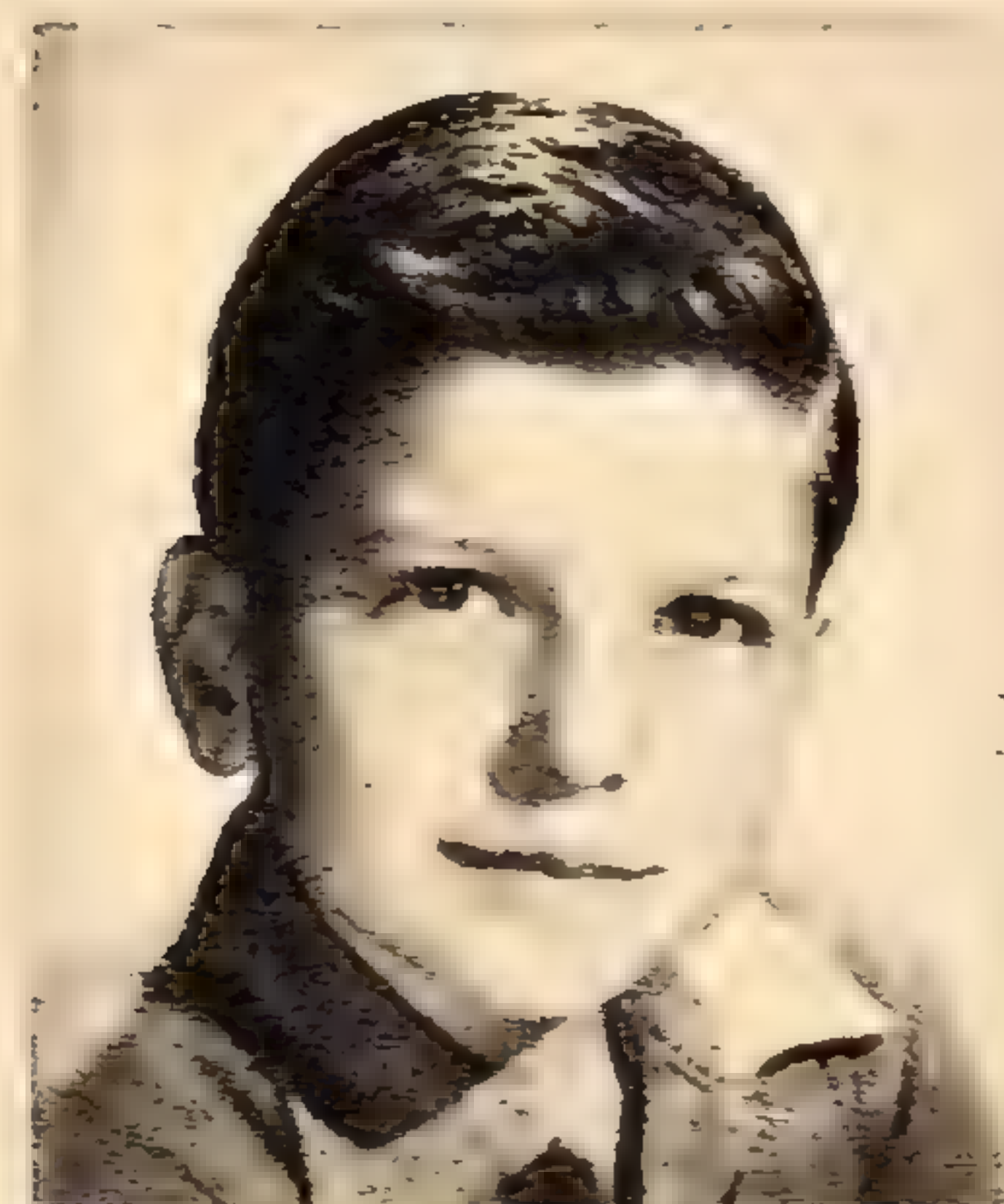
Dear Nancy, Frankie, Jr. and Christina,

Not too long ago a friend of ours saw you at Disneyland with your Pop. It wasn't the first time you'd all been there together, and our friend had heard some odd reports about your other visits. So for an hour or so he tagged after you, watching to see if the rumors were true.

And they were. While you three raced from ride to ride to sideshow to popcorn booth, grinning and giggling and carrying on as if you weren't almost all grown-up, having a ball for yourselves—your father stalked after you, his eyes worried, his forehead creased in an almost nervous frown. When he climbed on a fast ride next to Nancy, his arm went around her as if he didn't trust safety-belts and good engineering—all alone, he was going to keep her safe. When Frankie wanted cotton (Continued on page 75)



nancy



frankie, jr.



christina



debbie
tells
Louella
Parsons—

the
truth

about our marriage

■ In the simple little white dress she wore with a white ribbon holding back her hair, she could have passed for sweet sixteen. Just back from seven weeks with Eddie in Europe, Debbie Reynolds had come to my home at my invitation almost as soon as she had unpacked and seen her adored little Carrie Frances.

David Myers, my friend and editor of MODERN SCREEN had put the bee in my bonnet to get Debbie to answer personally an open letter I had written to her in my GOOD NEWS depart- (continued on page 89)

■ Mama Mineo will get up at about 6:30 on Thanksgiving morning. The others will still be fast asleep—Pop, Sal, Sarina, Victor, Mike. But Mama will be up early so she can get her big meal started. After all, there's the anti-pasto to be made—with its slices of salami and ham and cucumber and its vinegared peppers and olives and anchovy strips. And there's the lasagna—with its three layers of macaroni and rich tomato sauce and its two kinds of cheese and its hundred tiny meatballs. And, of course, there's the turkey. And with the turkey there have got to be fried artichokes, Pop's favorite, and stuffed eggplant, Sal's favorite, and sweet potatoes, everybody's favorite. And, because, as Mama Mineo says, "I don't like the table to look boring," there will be a platterful of roast beef or leg of lamb to follow the turkey, with "a nice simple lettuce-vinegar-and-oil salad on the side to help the digestion." And then finally there's the dessert—or rather, desserts—to be considered: a giant bowl of fresh fruit salad "with just a little bit of Manischewitz Jewish wine in it to give it that right flavor" and a pair of flying saucer-sized pies, one blueberry and one rum cheese.

Mama Mineo, alone for the next few hours, will putter around the kitchen of her family's three-story brick-and-shingle house in the Bronx preparing her holiday meal. And, alone, before the others get up and come bounding downstairs for a kiss and breakfast and then go bounding off to church to say their formal prayer to God, she too will quietly give *her* thanks, the private prayer of a grateful wife and mother.

The house will be quiet for those next few hours, very quiet. As she works, Mama Mineo will repeat her prayer many times. Sometimes she will smile as she repeats it, for there are funny moments she will remember. Sometimes she will not smile, for there are sad moments she will remember, too. The others, asleep in their beds now, will recall some of these moments during dinner, maybe, when they're all seated around the big table and talking about things past. But their recollections will probably be short—a flash here, a flash there. The kids and Poppa will want to talk more about the present and the future—about Christmas coming up and who-wants-what and New Year's Eve and who's-going-where (Continued on page 78)

SAL MINEO'S

Thanksgiving Miracle

By Ed DeBlasio



The Mineo Family's Thanksgiving Prayer

*Thank You, dear God, for giving Poppa the strength
to make good at what he started that time we needed
Your help so much.*

*Thank You, dear God, for Your miracle in making Sal's
eye get better.*

*Thank You for making Sarina and Mike and Victor strong
and healthy now after what they've been through with sickness.*

*Thank You for making us get along so good together and
for giving us so many good things.*

*Thank You for the new house where we will all move soon
and where You will-always be welcome with love and respect.*

*Thank You, most of all, for bringing us all together
on this day.*



Where do I belong? Harry Belafonte sat in the hotel room holding the pictures in his hand. Where do I belong? Then he stood up and tossed the photos onto a chair. The publicity man had just glibly tossed the phrase at him as an idea for a picture story. Harry walked back to the chair and glanced over the pictures again, thinking: To know where a man belongs you have to know what he is . . . and a man is many things . . . I'm a human being . . . a negro . . . a musician . . . a father . . . a husband . . .

Just



by daniel stern

harry belafonte:

where do I belong?

continued on next page →

Just where do I belong? continued

Who am I? Who loves me and who do I love?



... my kids



... my people



... my friends

... my audience



I belong with my kids

Most of all, he thought, I belong with my kids. He was remembering that toughest of all days, the day he'd visited Adrienne and Shari. It had been the first time he'd seen them since the divorce.

Harry had been in the middle of a tour when suddenly he had known he had to see the kids again, right then and there . . . had to be there to answer the questions that must be popping into their minds. Especially Adrienne—Adrienne with that bright, inquisitive smile of hers and those big, understanding eyes.

To welcome Daddy home, Adrienne gave a miniature tea party in the playroom. She poured for Harry and for Shari, the little one.

"One or two lumps of sugar, Daddy?" she asked in her grown-up way, and then giggled a little.

"Two, thank you, Honey," Harry answered gravely, thinking—*maybe she won't ask about the divorce any more . . . maybe Marguerite has explained it—with kindness and sympathy, taking the pain out of it.*

Later that afternoon he took Adrienne along with him to BROOKS. At the store she had so much fun saying, "Oh, that's a pretty jacket, Daddy." Or, if she didn't like it, wrinkling her nose and saying, "It's nasty color." Harry was proud of her—and relieved she was so lively and gay. They even danced a rumba together in the fitting room. After that Harry had to remove a splinter from her left foot, and got a kiss as his medical fee.

But then, on the way home, it happened.

They were sitting in the cab when Adrienne said in "Daddy," she said, "I know you and Mommy aren't going to live together any more . . . she told us . . . but maybe after a while you'll come back again and live with us, huh?" Harry took a deep breath and said to himself, *Okay, this is it! Don't pussy-foot around and don't make it easy on yourself by making it vague—do it right, Mr. Belafonte.*

"No, Honey," Harry said finally, "It can't be that way any more. But we'll be together, often!"

The little girl nodded solemnly. Then they got out and walked hand-in-hand to the house. As they were going in, Adrienne, who had been deep in thought, suddenly turned to Harry and said, "Daddy, I'm just a kid—not even in my teens yet—but I think I do understand about the loving part. And thanks for trying to make it easier for me."

Harry grabbed Adrienne and hugged her to him, blinking back the tears. "No, Honey," he said. "Thank you . . . Thank you!"

... my people

Where do I belong? With the people who first sang my songs. Harry remembered the hot Florida sun and the smell of the grass and the rockpiles baking in the afternoon heat while the air was filled with the steady rhythmic beat of the workmen's sledgehammers.

After the phony world of Hollywood, it was good to

udge along the railroad tracks with the working men, listening to them talk, joke . . . and sing. These people were his roots—they were himself, Harold Belafonte. Once, sometime in the dim past, it had been BelleFonine, the trail leading from Africa, to the French possessions—Haiti, Martinique—ending in a year and a half in Harlem. And then Jamaica.

But for others, the trail had led here to the Florida swamps, the swinging hammer and the laying of railroad track, the singing of songs that had come with them along that trail. And it was those songs that Harry was after. He'd gone out with the work gang at morning, to gather material, snatches of songs he'd never heard. New words to old tunes. Familiar melodies.

But at first, the men had been hostile to him. Nothing open—just a coolness that Harry could feel in the heat of his stomach. A way they glanced at him over their shoulders that showed they knew he might be a big man up there in New York or Hollywood, but that didn't mean a thing down here in the swamps. Down here a man was just a man or he was *nothing*!

As the day wore on Harry was depressed. The men weren't singing much, and what they did sing was half-hearted. And when he tried to take some pictures of them, they froze up. Harry felt sick. He thought, *Have I been away so long that I don't belong with them any more?* The final blow came when he raised his camera to snap a photo of a workman lifting a railroad tie and the man deliberately turned away. This time Harry burst out with, "How about giving a guy a break, fellows? I'm only trying to do my work . . . like you guys." The big, burly man who had turned away from Harry's camera said, "You belong with us? . . . Let's see your hands." All the men let loose a bellow of laughter. Harry's hands tightened at his sides. Another man lifted his hammer to his shoulder and said quietly, "Leave him alone, Mike. He works with his hands too, in his way."

But Mike shrugged and turned away. Nearby, the foreman called out, "Something wrong with this cross-piece. Mike, give me a hand here." Mike exerted all his strength behind a crowbar but he couldn't budge the cross-piece.

"How about it, Mr. Belafonte?" Mike called out. "Want to try it?" There was an expectant murmur as Harry stepped forward, stripped off his shirt and grasped the crowbar. He bent all the strength in his under body and muscled arms to the task . . . with no success. The sweat stood out on his forehead. The men of the work gang watched intently.

Suddenly the piece of steel moved. In an instant Mike and another man joined Harry with picks and crowbars, and the job was done. Harry put his shirt back on and picked up his camera. His arms were aching and he could feel blisters beginning to rise on the palms of his hands. But he felt fine as one of the men called out, "Pretty good work, Harry." They moved around him now, free and relaxed, and began to sing while they worked.

And as he listened to the folk songs he'd traveled thousands of miles for, Harry Belafonte was grateful.

... my friends

... Yes, a man belongs with his people and his kids. But also with his work. And Harry's work was music. *His* kind of music. He remembered the night he and his troupe had arrived in town and instead of hitting the sack they worked almost through the night. After countless cigarette butts and discarded tapes they added two new songs to the show, one of them a song from the Florida swamps. Then, the next morning, while they were setting up for a full rehearsal at the club, the owner dropped a bombshell.

"Listen, Harry," the man said, "you'll be doing a couple of the new hit songs, won't you?"

Harry stared at him. "No," he answered, "I'm afraid I won't."

"Just a few, Harry," he said. "I have to think of my customers. They don't go for 'arty' songs."

"Look, you hired *me*—Harry Belafonte. And you hired the songs I sing too. If you're worried about the risk, I'll take care of that," he said. "If your business drops while I'm here, I'll work for nothing."

"Well—"

"You see," Harry went on, "I have faith in the people who come to hear me sing. To you they're just customers. To me they're great. Whether they're sitting at a table in a club . . . or sitting in a dark movie theatre . . . they're an audience. Don't sell them short."

... my audience

The opening-night audience was a typical Florida resort-town café audience, restless and eager to be entertained. By the second song they had settled down and were a good deal more than entertained—they were gripped.

Harry didn't count the number of people at each performance, and the owner couldn't—there were too many and he lost track!

When you sing from the heart and you're standing in front of the people, negro and white, who are there because they want to hear what you've got to say . . . and what you've got to sing . . . well, then, if you're like Harry Belafonte, then you're grateful to God because: *you know where you belong!* And Harry knows, most of all—

That he belongs *to himself*.

He belongs to his family—his wife and his children.

To his people—the people who sing his songs, and the people from whom he learned his songs—*his* people . . .

And to his friends, too, he belongs—the people who believe in him and for whom he'd stick his arm in fire—up to *here* . . .

To his audience too, Harry Belafonte belongs—the audience that gave him a purpose and a reason for being and a *wanting* to live and work and create . . . and *sing!*

END

*A date with Tommy?
Well, it usually starts
on the button—Tommy
leaning on the door-bell
button that is. And
then there might be
some ventriloquism and
making shadows on the walls
and a couple of laughs . . .*



*Why did he wait months
before asking me
for a date? How did*

*I feel when he gave
me a friendship ring?*

*Why daren't we think
of marriage at this time?*

*It doesn't take too long
though before he's at the
guitar with me dueting
on the piano. And the
next minute—we're dancing!*



*And when the music gets kootzie—
Tommy changes steps, and the mood
. . . as he holds me in his arms
for the time it takes a platter to spin
out a ballad about love . . .*



■ I've been dating Tommy Sands for more than a year, through the bad times and the good. When I first met Tommy he was a scared young guy without a dime, without a job, with nothing but a prayer and a wonderful voice.

Today, Tommy's as hot as a firecracker. And do you know what this fabulous, overnight success has done to him? Made him more scared than ever!

Tommy and I were horseback riding along the wooded trails of Griffith Park the other day when a group of girl riders passed us on the other side. They looked at us and nearly flipped when they recognized him. "Hi, Tommy," they called out. "Tommy, we think you're WON-derful!"

Well, I thought Tommy would fall off his horse. He just about melted. "Look at that, Molly," he said as we slowed our horses down to a walk. "A year ago I couldn't even afford to rent this horse. Now these kids pass by and know who I am. It gets me. I can't believe it."

A year ago . . . I remember so much that night at the *Hometown Jamboree* telecast when (Continued on next page)

tommy and

me... by Molly Bee



Naturally, all that activity, and Tommy worked up an appetite—so off we went to the drive-in . . . and out where the green grass grows . . . and that's where the big discussion started—



tommy and me... *continued*

the dark-haired, slim young man
with the big, serious brown eyes
came backstage and asked to see
Cliffie Stone, the manager.

Jamboree is a Western style TV show,
and I was the featured girl singer. I'd

been on the show for seven
years and knew what a good show-
case this breezy, country clambake
is for singers. When one

of the men backstage told the boy
that Cliffie Stone had left only a few
minutes earlier, his face dropped
so low I felt sorry for him.

As he turned to leave, I made
quick tracks to his side.

"Hi," I said cheerfully. "My
name's Molly Bee. You look kind
of let- (Continued on page 82)



*Something special
happened.*

*Tommy gave
me a ring.*

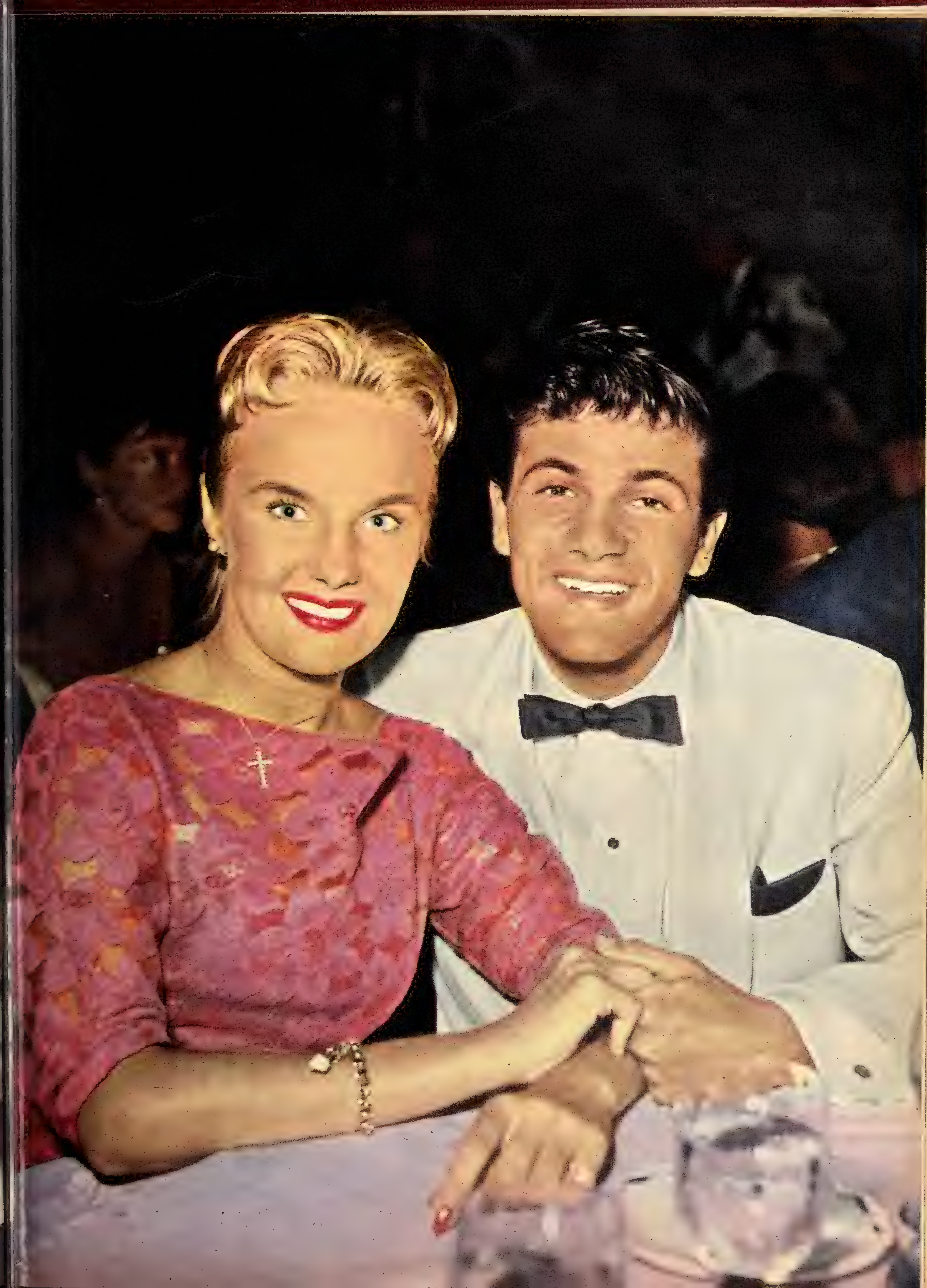
*And—just all
of a sudden—
there was somethin'
special between
us. I guess love
is the word..*

*I said 'Yes.' Tommy said 'No.' I
said 'Please?' Tommy said 'Okay!
We'll go horse-back riding!' And off
we went—but it didn't take any
crystal-ball gazing to know both
Tommy and the horse would just
as soon rest in the shade!*



*But I must admit
he managed to get us
off those horses pretty
fast—and back to
just sitting. But there
was a reason—'cause
Tommy had something to
give me, later . . .*





July 23, 1957

Mr. David Myers
The Editor
Modern Screen Magazine

Dear Mr. Myers:

My favorite movie star is Doris Day. That's who this letter is about. Of course, it's about me too. My name is Sally Mazzella and I'm fifteen and I come from Brooklyn. I say *come from* because I'm in San Diego, California, right now with my folks and my little brother, Jasper. We're paying a visit to my Father's sister, Stella. But no sense telling you all about them because this letter is about Doris Day and me—and about what happened to us yesterday, July 22, 1957.

At seven o'clock yesterday morning my Father put me on the bus at the San Diego bus terminal. The bus ticket, round trip, and five dollars spending money were my birthday present from my folks. It so happens my birthday isn't till next December. But the reason I got my present so far in advance was that my folks knew I loved Doris Day so much and that I'd be so happy if I could go up to Hollywood and try to see her while we were in California. At first my folks said this was ridiculous, that movie stars have enough to do without seeing anybody who just happens to pop out of the clear blue sky. Besides, they said, how in the world was I going to find her. "It isn't like this was Brooklyn," my Mom said, "and she lived on the third floor of the apartment house on the corner and all you had to do was go and ring the doorbell." But after a lot of begging on my part, they agreed to let me go. "But," said my Father, "no matter what happens, you've got to be on that 5:30 p.m. bus out of Hollywood and back here at 8:30 tonight—Doris Day or no Doris Day!"

I got to Hollywood at exactly 10:30 in the morning. The bus driver let me and a few other people out at the famous corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street. I saw a lot of people walking and driving around, but I certainly didn't see any movie stars—and I certainly didn't see Doris Day. That's when I began to get a little nervous, when I realized that I didn't have any idea of what I was going to do, where I was going to go. There was a policeman standing in the middle of the street directing traffic. I felt like going up to him and asking him if he knew where Doris Day lived. I thought it over for a minute. And then I decided to do just that.

"Doris Day?" the policeman said, looking at me as if I were crazy. He shook his head. "No," he said, "it's been a long time since I've been up to her house for a beer."

I guess he liked (Continued on page 68)

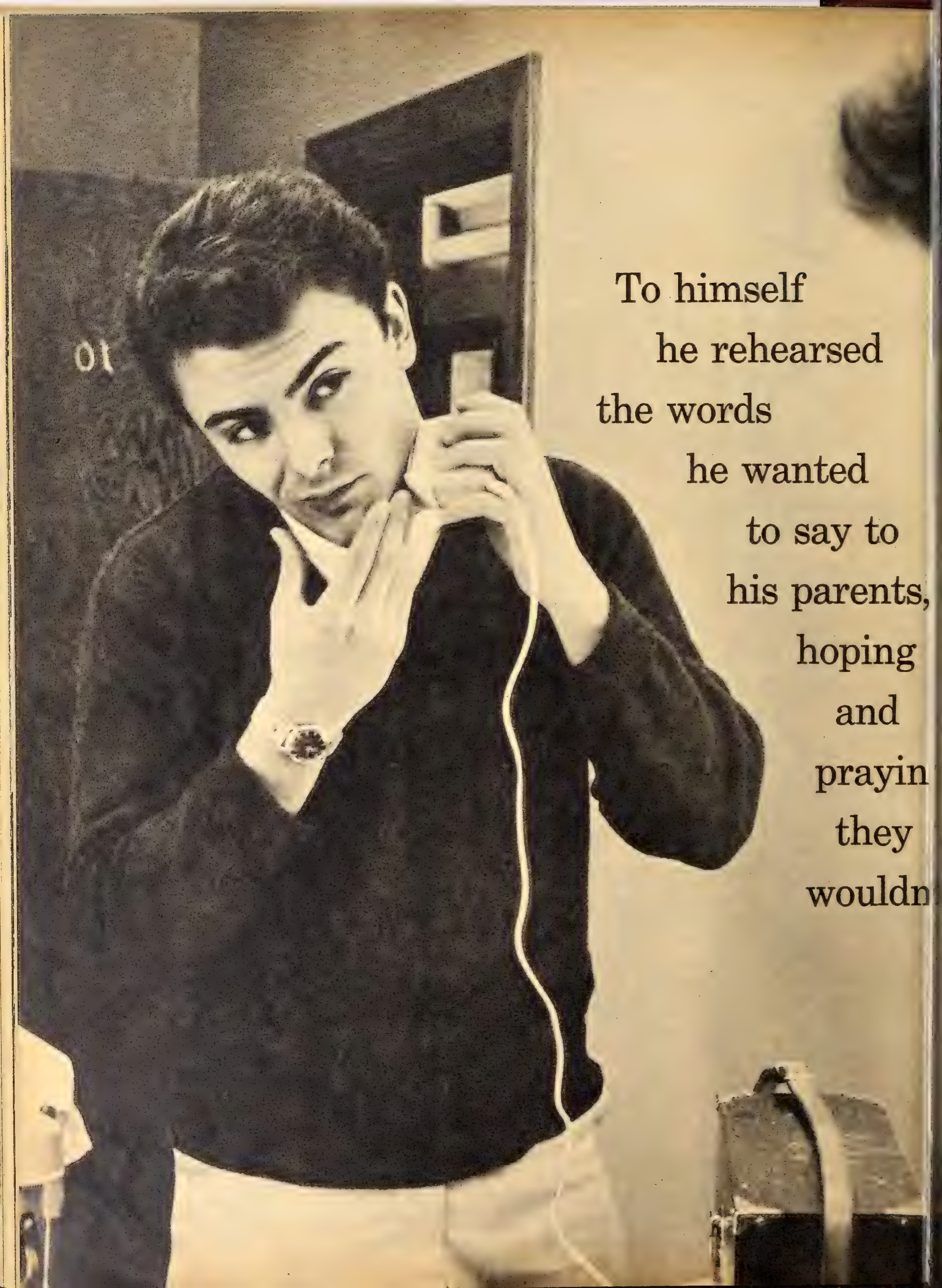


by
Sally Mazzella, 15

I TRAILED DORIS DAY

(until she
caught me
at the bus
station)





01

To himself
he rehearsed
the words
he wanted
to say to
his parents,
hoping
and
praying
they
wouldn't

by Pamela Herbert

■ The television set was blaring noisily. That was a break. Johnny Saxon peered cautiously around the door of the living room. Mom, Dad, Delores and Julie were all watching it. That was a break, too.

Carmen Orrico—that's Johnny's real name—ran nervous fingers through his coarse, dark hair. If he could only make it to the door before they'd say anything to him. He was glad he had his sneakers on, anyway.

Now . . . just twelve steps along the wall, and then a spring for the front door so that he'd be out and down the stairs before they'd be able to say anything. One, two, three . . .

"Carmen," his Father said without turning his head from the TV screen, "where are you going tonight?"

"Out, Dad," the boy said sullenly, "just out, that's all."

"Come on, Carmen," his Mother said sweetly, "don't talk to your Father that way. If he asks where you're going, tell him."

Delores and Julie, Johnny's younger sisters, turned and looked at him with quiet sympathy. They knew he was in for it again.

"Where are you going?" his Father repeated with the full weight of his authority, this time swinging around in his chair to face his son.

"You know, Dad," Johnny said shiftily. "It's where I always go. I'm late now, so I've got to hurry." He started quickly for the front door, trying to escape the grilling he knew was coming.

"Wait just a minute now," Mr. Orrico said, rising slowly to his feet. "I'm sure the show will go on without you." His smile mocked Johnny.

"Oh, not now, Dad," Johnny complained, "not now."

"If you want to be an actor," Mr. Orrico said icily, "you've got to learn to do things when other people want you to."

For several moments the two of them, father and son—glared at each other. Each was strong-willed and stood his ground, pitted against the other in silence.

Mrs. Orrico and her two daughters stirred uncomfortably.

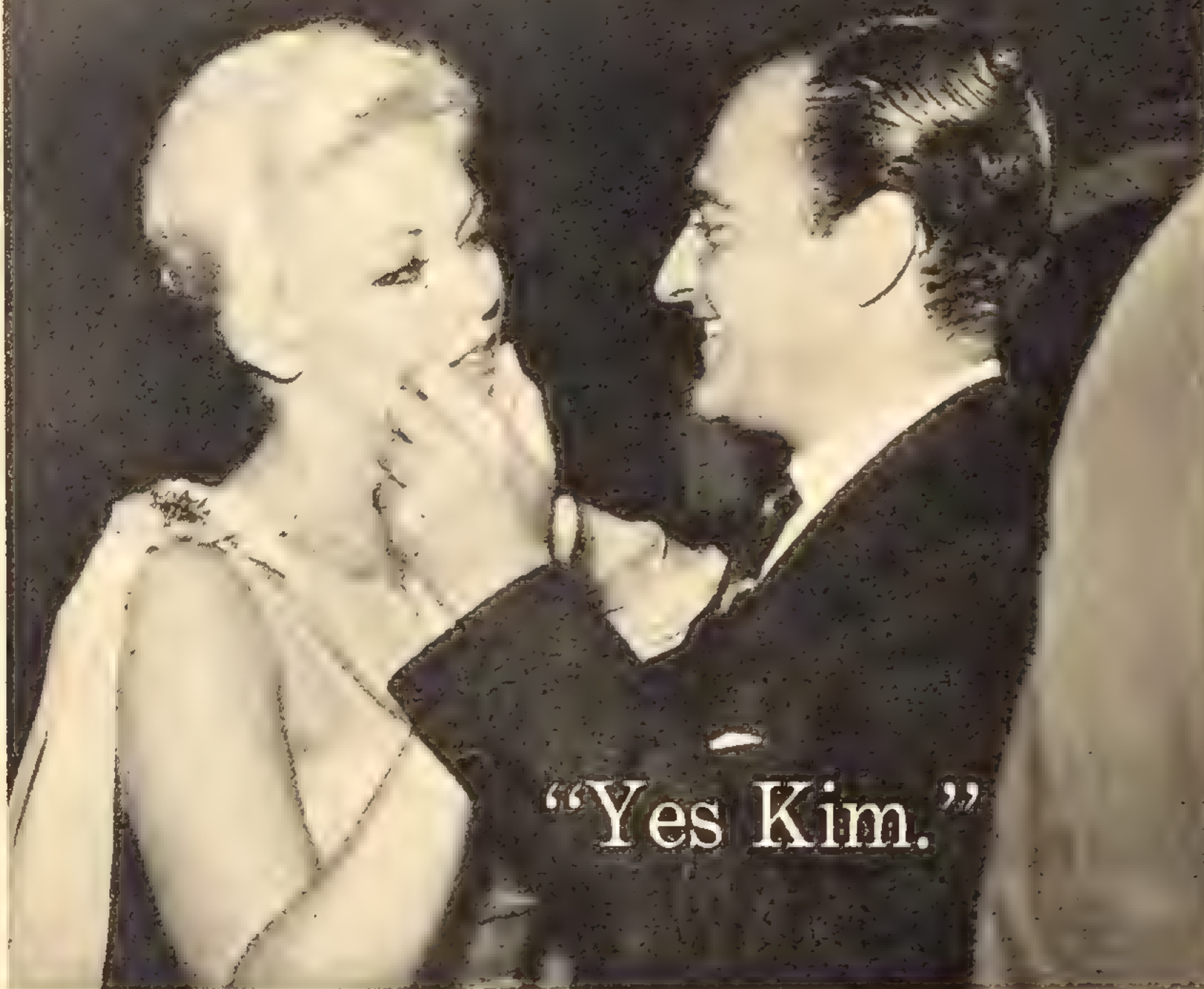
"Tell him where you're going, Carmen," his Mother urged.

Suddenly Julie sprang up and ran to her brother. (Continued on page 73)

hurt:

"Ma, Dad, I'm no
longer Carmen Orrico...
I'm now
JOHNNY SAXON..."

"Mario...we'd better leave..."



"Yes Kim."

"Mario...it's getting late..."



"Is it?..."

The love story
of Kim and Mario—

"we touched c

as told to Beverly Ott

■ Kim Novak was in Hollywood—Mario Bandini was in Rome. They hadn't seen each other for over a year. He was supposed to visit her in Hollywood—but month after month passed . . . And there was no meeting, either in Hollywood or Rome.

Had one—or the other, or both of them—cooled to the idea? Sure, they were supposed to be writing.

But lots of people write and call themselves pen pals.

So why think Bandini was the man in Kim's life?

Why not Sinatra, Krim, Ireland?

Well, for one thing, no matter who'd been rumored as coming, going, or staying on Kim's list of favorite beaux, Bandini's name was constantly cropping up . . .

And then, suddenly, new developments began happening like crazy . . .

Quite unexpectedly, Kim arrived in Rome.

And, MODERN SCREEN found out, Mario had just gone through the red tape of getting his visa for the U.S.—including all the vaccinations!

He *was* headed toward Kim—only she made it to him first . . . The story of their love, the latest chapter of their love, started with their transatlantic phone

calls, started when he heard the tiredness that crept into her voice, even when she fought to keep it out. He could read it between the lines of her

letters, too. She'd been working hard—sometimes as many as eighteen hours a day. That's why


they'd been waiting for her vacation, when she'd have a chance to show him her town, her country. But as the time came closer, he reasoned, *What kind of a rest will that be for Kim?*

So one night he spoke into the phone, "Kim, I've been thinking about my trip. That I shouldn't make it. Why don't you come to Rome? You're the one who should get away for a while, have a change of scenery . . ."

There was a long-distance giggle. "Mario, I've been thinking the same thing. I *am* tired. I'm just beat. I'd be a terrible guide. You wouldn't mind postponing your trip again? I'll have a month off. You're sure you wouldn't mind?"

"Mind?" he asked. "Come to Rome," he added quite firmly. She came to Rome.

They dined and danced (*Continued on page 64*)



ew stars..."

Q. Did you kiss your wife on your first date? How long did it take you to do it?

No - it took 10 months of regular dating. I realize this is a bit unusual, but I didn't want to hurt Shirley by making her think I cared more than I knew I did.

Q. What did you do on your first date?

We went sledding with a gang from school - it had snowed so hard that school was closed two days.

Q. When did you first realize you were in love with Shirley?

The night I first kissed her - 10 months after we started dating pretty steady.

Q. Who gets up first in the morning?

I do, always - either to get to work, or to study, when I'm in school.

Q. How much do you weigh?

185 lbs.

Q. Do you and your wife fight much?

No fights - disagreements occasionally, but quickly settled.

Q. Do you have any pets? What was the first pet you ever had?

No - we'd have a dog and a few cats, because Shirley and I love them, but the babies would sit on them - we'll have to wait a year or two.

Q. Who's your favorite singer?

Bing Crosby, with Frank Sinatra + Perry Como crowding him close.

Q. How tall are you?

6 feet

pat levels with us!

We gave these
questions to
PAT BOONE,
and here are the
answers he
jotted down.

Q. What do you think of Elvis?

*I think he's a very
exciting singer — definitely
the King of Rock-and-Roll.
A unique personality.*



More Q's and A's
on page 88



On Mike's face—the doubt and the gnawing fear . . . waiting to know if the baby—and his beloved Liz would live . . . or die.

by Linda Matthews

■ “Take the baby?” Mike Todd whispered. He leapt up from his chair, his big feet clattering loudly on the floor. “You mean—perform the Caesarean operation *now*? You can’t. It’s—too soon.”

The doctor sat motionless behind his desk, his eyes lowered. “There’s no other way,” he said quietly. “No other way at all.”

Mike Todd stared at him. The rage drained out of his face, leaving it white and drawn. His voice was almost a whisper. “But she’s only six months gone . . .” He sank back into his chair. His shoulders sagged. “Doctor . . . only six months . . .”

The doctor nodded. “I know,” he said. “It’s not very long, is it?” His fingers moved to a pencil, picked it up, rolled it in his palm. “But we have no choice, Mike. It’s now or—” He shrugged.

“Why?” Mike Todd said. “Why now? I thought those drugs were supposed to *prevent* a premature birth, make her able to go the whole nine months. What went wrong?”

“Nothing,” the doctor said. “Nothing went wrong.” He pushed back his chair and stood up. He walked around to the other side of his desk and looked down at Mike. “Two weeks ago you brought Liz here for the first time. Five-and-a-half months pregnant, and already she was having premature (Continued on page 62)

The LORD giveth...

the detailed story of
how nine doctors
saved Liz Taylor’s baby





For Arthur there was still the moment of telling Marilyn—that this time, there was to be no baby. . . .

by N. Polsky

■ This is the story of a beautiful girl. And of a town. And of a baby.

The girl's name is Marilyn Monroe. The town's name is Amagansett. The baby will never have a name.

But for that little while it lived, deep inside its mother, it could have truly been called Love.

The story begins on a Thursday afternoon back in mid-June, when a big white Lincoln convertible pulled into Ed Raynor's SINCLAIR gas station in Amagansett, a tiny town on Long Island's south shore—at the very tip of New York. Raynor was away for a while and Johnny Cantwell, sixteen, was taking over the chores. With Johnny were his two pals and helpers, Eddy Loper, fifteen, and little Dicky Gosman, twelve.

"Fill 'er up?" Johnny asked the tall, thin man who was driving the Lincoln.

It was while the man behind the wheel was paying them that Johnny took a good long look at the blonde lady and said to her, "Criminellys . . . you're Marilyn Monroe, aren't you?"

Marilyn nodded.

"Criminellys!" all the boys repeated now, in chorus.

"Do you fellows live here in Amagansett?" the man sitting beside Marilyn asked, after he'd introduced himself as her husband, Arthur Miller.

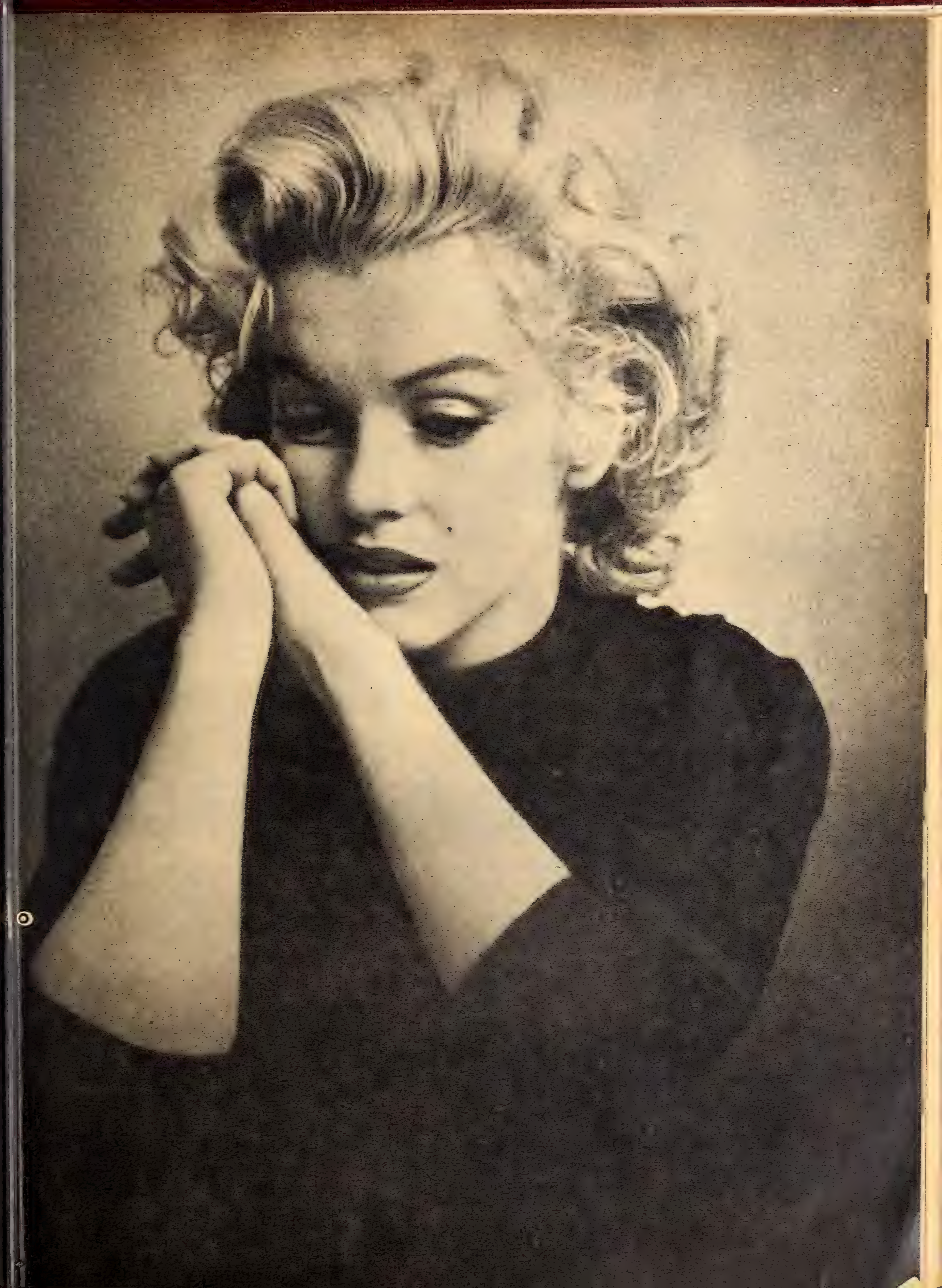
Yes, the boys said, *they did*.

"Well," said Arthur, "I guess that makes us neighbors. My wife and I are going (*Continued on page 59*)

and the

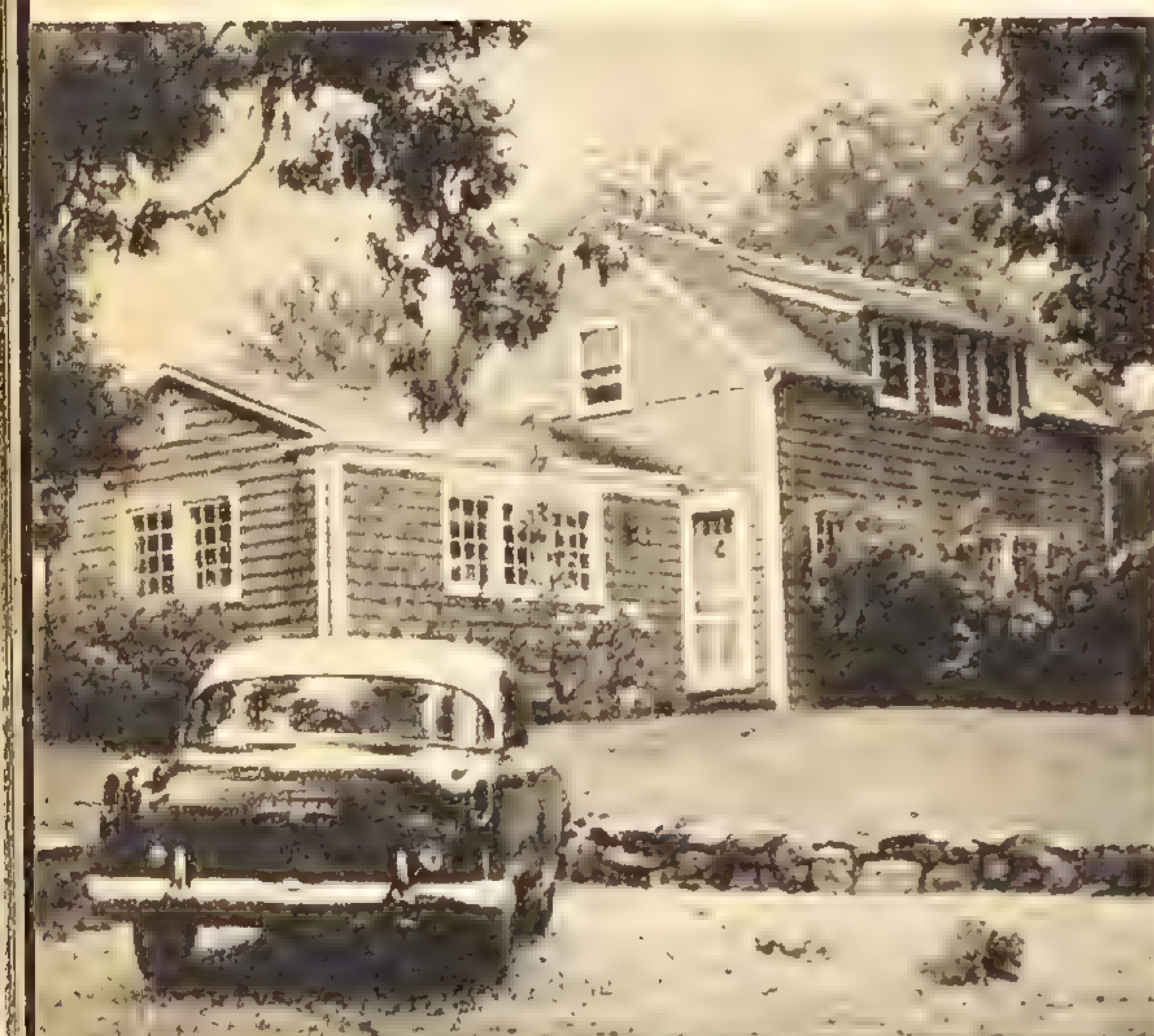
LORD taketh away

the heartbreaking story
of a baby that will
never smile or cry





these are Marilyn's
neighbors—the people of
Amagansett—and this is how
they feel about Marilyn...



The house that Marilyn lived in—with the man she loved... and where, for a little while, the Millers waited, happily, for the baby—their baby... their first.



Roger T. Mattei owns a restaurant—and what did he think of Marilyn and Arthur? Well, he phoned New York and spoke to a couple of people there—just to find out what Marilyn especially liked to eat.



Bob Winslow is half owner of the grocery store where Marilyn shopped. And what does he say about her? "I got such a charge watching Marilyn cover every aisle—and did she load that shopping cart!"



Dicky Gosman, Eddy Loper and John Cantwell got Marilyn's autograph—just about as soon as Marilyn and Arthur hit town. And the boys remember how "different from a movie star" she was...





Ed Raynor, winking at his wife Stella, said, "Marilyn isn't any prettier than any other girl—but she sure is a lot nicer than most." "Just like any one of us wives," adds Stella, "who's waiting for our babies to be born..."

"We saw the Millers very often," said Mrs. CHEF Mattei, "—on the street, in the post office, on the beach. They always waved and said HELLO—and sometimes they'd stop and we'd talk about this or that..."

Fred—Frederick Moeschle—knew just the cut of meat that Arthur liked best, and just how thick Marilyn wanted the steaks. Fred, of course, was the butcher—and neighbor—of Mr. and Mrs. Miller.

to be living here in Amagansett this summer."

"Miss Monroe," Johnny asked next, "could you give us your autograph so we could show people so they'll believe us?"

"Sure," Marilyn smiled.

"You know, Miss Monroe, you're my favorite actress," Johnny said.

"Well, thank you," Marilyn said, handing him the autograph.

"Mine, too," Eddy chimed in.

"Thank you," Marilyn said, and gave him his.

"You're not *my* favorite," little Dicky piped up. "I like you, all right. But I like Jayne Mansfield better."

Marilyn and Arthur laughed so hard the three boys thought they would never stop. Then Marilyn signed Dicky's little piece of dirty cardboard—the only thing he could find—and Arthur asked them how they could get to the beach.

When Ed Raynor, the service station owner, and his wife Stella drove up a few minutes later, the boys rushed up to their car.

"We just filled Marilyn Monroe up with gas," little Dicky burst out.

"Yeah," Eddy said, (Continued on page 84)



And Marilyn? Marilyn lay in a hospital, and broke into a smile for the cameras. But just before the shutter snapped, and afterwards—when the photographer had left—then the sorrow of mourning was on her face... for the young Miller who wasn't lying in her arms—not now, not yet...

Wanetta Hindreth and Lillian Erickson offered Marilyn a malted. "But," laughs Wanetta, "guess she was on the wagon, 'cause she weren't havin' none—she'd only have a glass of our lemonade. Yes, sirree—just a glass of our lemonade!"

We Applaud Mrs. Robert Taylor

- ✓ for "roughing it" with Bob...
- ✓ for making his career more important than hers...
- ✓ for giving up "sophistication" to be housewife and mother...



Bob wanted what he thought Ursula wanted—a career for her. But his wife had a different idea on how to live.

■ "When we were first married, Bob was afraid I'd go along on his outdoor trips," laughs Ursula Thiess, whose main job in life is being Mrs. Robert Taylor. "Now he's afraid I won't."

That's why we applaud Ursula Thiess . . .

"Someone has to cook, you see," explains this lovely talented woman, with just a hint of laughter. "Besides, I carry the coffee thermos, the cigarettes and sometimes the gun." Ursula has done more than that. On her first trout fishing expedition she hooked a four-foot salmon, a bigger fish than Bob has ever snagged in his life. She's also bagged some fat ducks even though her fingers were half frozen when she yanked the trigger.

Now—and this is the point—none of this rugged stuff sends Ursula into a state of ecstasy, especially when—as happened last year—she took the kids to the cabin and a snowstorm whirled up, the water pipes froze, the power went off, and a bear snuffled around all night outside the door. But Ursula *knows* what a companion-craving guy her husband is. And so far, Ursula has been right by his side—not only on every sporting trip but on every location, too.

Actually, statuesque Ursula Thiess is every bit as much of a city girl as a girl could be. A svelt model and (Continued on page 77)



the Lord giveth

(Continued from page 54) labor contractions." He shook his head. "That's not good, Mike. So we gave her drugs. The ones you just mentioned. But we never claimed they'd take care of everything. Only that they'd relieve the contractions, stop them—for a while. And they did."

Mike nodded violently. "She was fine after that. Sure, she was."

The doctor shook his head slowly. "She was fine—for a week. Then they began again. And you brought her here again. Now you want us to give her more drugs and let you take her home. You want her to wait out the full nine months and come back here and give birth to a healthy, beautiful baby. Naturally, you do."

"All right," Mike bellowed. "All right, that's what I want." His fist shot out, pounded on the desk in front of him. "Why can't I have it?"

The doctor leaned down. His face was close to Mike's. "Listen, Mike. Those drugs are dangerous. Dangerous. Once, they're fine. Twice even—no risk. But three times, four times . . . Mike, they can

harm your child. Badly. You understand that? They're only a stop-gap, to give us the extra few days that may make the difference between life and death for your baby. But we've got to stop them now. If Liz could go home now and sit out these next three months without them, we'd thank God and wait with her. But she can't. We know. She's going to go on having contractions. Over and over. And if we feed these drugs into her system time after time, your child will suffer for it. Not Liz. But your child. That's why we want to take the baby now, while we still can. Before it's too late."

"Tell them to go ahead"

Mike Todd sat with his head bent. The doctor looked at him. "Mike, we've waited as long as we can. Every day now means less chance for your child."

The silence stretched on forever.

Mike said, "And if you take the kid now—what chance will it have?"

The doctor's eyes were full of sympathy. "We don't know, Mike. It'll be pretty small. A six-month baby—it isn't ready for the world yet. But we'll do our best. And Mike, it's a better risk than waiting."

"Yeah," Mike said. "And Liz? Is it better for her to go through a Caesarian now? She—she's pretty tired out. She's been under a strain." His voice began to rise. "Is this the best time for my wife? What are her chances, doctor? Tell me that!"

The doctor's voice was low. "We'll do our best, Mike. You know that."

Mike Todd stood up. He looked at the doctor full in the face. "It isn't up to me," he said. "Or to you. It's up to Liz." He turned away. "I'll go tell her now."

His footsteps echoed down the quiet hospital corridors.

The room Elizabeth Taylor Todd lay in was dim. Mike entered softly and shut the door behind him gently. For a moment he stood looking down at the still figure in the bed, the face turned away.

Then Liz moved her head. Her eyes opened drowsily. Her lips parted in a sleepy smile. "Hello, sweetheart . . ."

"Hello, Liz," Mike said. He tried a smile. It died before it reached his lips. "Liz—"

He sat down heavily on the chair beside the bed. He swallowed hard. But his voice was steady.

"Honey, are you awake enough to talk?" From her pillows, Liz nodded.

\$100 FOR YOU!

Fill in the form below as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away because each of the following readers will get \$10—the one who sends us the first questionnaire we open; the 100th; the 200th; the 400th; the 600th; the 800th; the 1000th; the 1500th; the 2000th; the 3000th. Get it? For example, if yours is the 1000th we open, what do you get? Why, \$10 of course!

Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE FRANK SINATRA:

- ☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:

- ☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say

I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:

- ☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE SAL MINED:

- ☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE HARRY BELAFONTE:

- ☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE TOMMY SANDS:

- ☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say

- I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE DORIS DAY:

- ☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE JOHNNY SAXON:

- ☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE KIM NOVAK:

- ☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE PAT BOONE:

- ☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE LIZ TAYLOR:

- ☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE MARILYN MONROE:

- ☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE ROBERT TAYLOR:

- ☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I READ

- ☐ all of Louella Parsons in Hollywood
☐ part ☐ none

17. Which male and female stars do you want to read about? Please indicate your preference at the right by writing your first choice next to (1), your second choice next to (2) and your third choice next to (3).

(1) _____	MALE	(1) _____	FEMALE
(2) _____	MALE	(2) _____	FEMALE
(3) _____	MALE	(3) _____	FEMALE

AGE.....NAME.....ADDRESS.....

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*CREME PUFF (TRADEMARK) MEANS MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD CREAMY POWDER MAKE-UP.

(Continued from page 62) "All right. I've got something to tell you. I just saw the doctor . . ."

Liz pulled herself up in bed. "I can go home?" she cried. Her eyes were wide.

"No," Mike Todd said. He chewed nervously at his lower lip. "No, listen, Liz. You can't go home yet, see? The doctors—they want . . ." he looked at her, looked away, sucked in his breath. "They want to take the baby now."

He heard her gasp but he didn't stop. "I can't go into it all. I don't understand it. But the baby has at least a little chance if they take it now. It—it doesn't hardly have any chance if you wait. You see? You get that? So they want you to choose."

He couldn't look at her. He knew she had dropped back against the pillows. He knew her face was ashen. He had to strain to hear her whisper, "But . . . there isn't any choice. Tell them to go ahead."

"No more fights . . . ever . . ."

And then suddenly he was bending over her, his face contorted. "No! You don't understand. You're not ready. You're so weak. I wanted you to gain more weight. I wanted you to be rested. I'm not thinking about the kid. We can have more kids. But if anything happened to you . . . Liz, if anything happened to you—"

His shoulders shook. Liz Taylor reached out a white hand and tilted up his chin. Her eyes found his, looked into them levelly. "We can't have *this* baby again, Mike. We have to have it now. And we're going to, no matter what." Her lips curved. Through bleary eyes, Mike saw that she was smiling. "Nothing'll happen to me, sweetheart. They wouldn't operate if they weren't sure I'd be fine." The smile broadened, became a grin. "I guarantee, two weeks from now I'll be in shape to fight with you again."

Mike buried his face in her hair. "Don't say that," he groaned. "Liz, baby . . . no more fights . . . ever . . ."

"Then go tell them," Liz said softly. "Tell them I'm ready any time"

It was evening when they came for her. Mike Todd walked beside Liz as they wheeled her to the elevator, rode with her on the short swift climb to the operating room. Her hand rested in his all the way. At the door to the operating room, she let

go. She smiled at him as she had smiled a few hours before. When the doors swung shut in Mike's face, she was still smiling.

Alone, he turned and went into the waiting room. Alone, he sat, his hands clasped in his lap, the knuckles white—while the doors opened and closed, while uniformed nurses wheeled in trays of instruments, terrifying equipment, strange-looking bottles. And then the doors swung for the last time and were still.

He knew they had begun, knew there were nine of them in there. Nine doctors. For hours as the afternoon light faded into evening he had said *yes* and *no* and signed papers and done what was expected of him. Now he could do nothing, while the nine doctors saved or lost his baby, saved or lost his wife.

A magazine lay on the table before him. He picked it up. He opened it and stared at it for minutes before he knew it was upside down. Then he dropped it on the table again. There was a clock over the door. He watched only the clock.

At five of twelve the doors swung open. A nurse appeared. Mike bounded to his feet. "What's happening?"

"They're operating," she said. "Everything's fine. Sit down, Mr. Todd. Everything's fine."

Would the baby live?

She disappeared. He sat down. The clock ticked on.

Inside the operating room, the doctors cut, supplied clamps. The nurses extended, silently, the gleaming instruments.

At two minutes past midnight the doors opened again. The nurse came out. She started down the hall. Mike ran. He caught up with her and blocked her way. "Well? Well? What's going on?"

The nurse hesitated. She licked her lips. "Your baby was just born. A girl."

Mike felt his knees turn to jelly. "My wife—?"

"She seems fine."

His hands loosened. "And the baby?"

The nurse bit her lips. She wouldn't look at him. "I—don't know. . . ." Then she was running down the corridor.

Three minutes past midnight. Inside the operating room, the baby was stretched out on a table. Her skin was blue. Her little chest didn't move. A doctor wiped her swiftly. Then a woman in mask and

gown stepped forward. She took a tiny rubber tube from a nurse. With incredible delicacy she held open the baby's mouth, slid the tube down its throat. Then she bent down and placed her own mouth at the other end of the tube. She began to suck.

A big man, crying

Four past midnight. Mike Todd stood still with his arms hanging at his sides. His eyes were fixed on nothing.

Inside the room, the doctor sucked mucus up into the tube out of the baby's lungs. She cleared the tube, inserted it again. She sucked.

Liz Taylor lay motionless, unconscious on the table. Behind her the anaesthetist checked his graphs, made a correction, pushed a lever. Liz's breathing was slow. He made another correction. He nodded to the doctors who bent over Liz, taking swift, careful stitches in her skin.

Five past midnight. Mike Todd turned and walked back into the waiting room. He sat down. His eyes were on the doors.

The doctor bending over the baby knew that her little lungs were finally clear. She did not know if they would ever fill with air, expand, become alive. She heard nothing of the murmurings around her, the soft commands and movements. Oblivious to all else, she breathed into the child's mouth, sending it air, praying for life.

The doctors around Liz stood up. Their work was done.

Six past midnight. The doors opened again. A white-uniformed figure stood outlined in the light. Mike Todd raised his head. In his eyes were all the hope and fear he had known in his life, all the prayers he had ever felt—and left unsaid.

"They're all right," the doctor said. "Both of them. Liz is fine. Your baby just took her first breath. We'll have to put her in an incubator for a while—but she'll be all right. Listen, Mike!" He threw open the doors. "That's your daughter crying."

Mike Todd dropped his head into his hands. "Oh, God," he said. "Oh, God. Oh God . . ." The tears streamed down through his fingers. He sat heavily in his chair, a big man, crying and unashamed.

EN

Liz is in MGM's RAIN TREE COUNTY.

we touched a few stars

(Continued from page 50) in some popular and pretty crowded places, but according to folks who saw them, you'd have thought they were alone. It had something to do with the way they were looking at each other. And the way they were always holding hands. . . .

He was building a new home. For her? "Of course," everyone in Rome is saying. "He asked her to come over and see if she'd like living in Italy. They're going to be married, you know. The only question is when and where."

Kim was quizzed, "Is Mario Bandini a very good friend, or a *very, very* good friend?"

She smiled. "Mario is a very, very, very, *VERY* good friend."

These were the stories. But here's the story *behind* the stories, and the answers to the questions everyone is asking—now that Kim is home again—

Where does Mario Bandini actually stand in Kim's life?

Where does she stand in his life?

What part will he play in her future?

Is he the kind of man who *should* play a part in her future . . . ?

While Kim was in Rome, they'd see

each other evenings. And Roman evenings are tricky. They have a way of ending at dawn, because it's hard to break away from the good company and romantic settings and go home. But Kim was in Rome for a rest and Mario was determined to see that she got it. Mario was keeping office hours and Kim wasn't going to let her visit interfere. They wouldn't have been human if they hadn't let the time slip away from them now and then. But Kim would suddenly see her watch, and whisper, "Mario . . . we'd better leave. . . ."

"Yes, Kim. . . ."

Then the orchestra played one of those dreamy Italian love songs, and it took a while for Kim to come back down to earth. "Mario . . . it's getting late. . . ."

"Is it?"

Tall, dark, and handsome

They were together during the day, too, thanks to those long Italian lunch hours they call siestas. Offices close at one in the afternoon, reopen at 4 or 5 p.m., then stay open until after seven. This gave Kim and Mario time to roam Rome. But one day when someone ran into Kim alone and kidded, "Where's Mario? You know he's supposed to be with you every minute." Kim looked surprised.

"He's at the office. It's after 4,"

She wouldn't have wanted it any other way. Mario is heir to one of Italy's largest fortunes—but he works! He opened his own construction company—and Kim expects a man she dates to respect the demands of his career, as well as her.

Exactly what kind of a man is Mario and what are the qualities that attract her?

For one thing, this tall, dark, and interestingly handsome man with the air of polish and sophistication about him is amazingly kind. Cornered at a party one evening by a reporter, Bandini's first statement was, "I'm sorry, but I don't give interviews. I'm afraid I . . ."

Until the reporter started playing on his sympathy with yarns about what editors do to writers who don't bring back assignments. So Mario found a couple of chairs and sat down and began to talk to this guy with kindness, with heart.

For another, he's a modest man—and an honest one. "Please," he begs, "please let's get something straight. I am not a Count. I will never be a Count. I don't know how this started, who started the story. Perhaps I may have been greeted in a restaurant by the title. But in Italy, you know, waiters call everyone *Count* or *Prince*, so maybe someone heard that and misunderstood. But I am not a Count.

is
it
true

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"The newspapers also came out with the fact that I have a yacht. I don't own one. They said I was an expert horse-back rider. I've never been on a horse. I'm just a plain, ordinary man, working as an engineer."

He's wrong there, because there's nothing plain or ordinary about this guy!

Depth to her beauty

He may not be a Count, true; but right away you know that he could never be Mr. Novak either. Knowing Kim, you also know that's one reason she was attracted to him. He's a solid, successful businessman—very important in his own field, and he'd never be impressed with the frills and trappings that go along with her movie stardom. What he likes is Kim herself. "I never think of Kim as a movie star," he said once. "I think of her as a girl I like."

"Kim never tries to make you think of her as a movie star," he continued. "It's very difficult for someone to become suddenly famous and still remain natural, but she has done it. There is nothing pretentious about her. There's something almost little girlish about her. She . . ."

He stopped for a moment. "Kim will kill me if I tell you this." He laughed, then he sobered. "No, perhaps not. Well, it was the night we were listening to a song about an emigrant . . . a very sad Neapolitan who was away from his country. Kim smiled at me. 'You see, Mario,' she said. 'Now if sometimes I might seem sad, you can understand me.'"

"I didn't understand at all, until she explained, 'In some ways I'm an emigrant. . . .'"

Bandini laughed again. "Emigrant! The whole of Rome is at your feet!"

How did they meet? When did he learn to know her?

"We were seated at the same table at a luncheon. I was late in arriving and everyone was in the midst of conversation. You know how that is. I had heard of Kim, but I'd never seen any of her pictures. Not then. And we didn't have a chance to talk until later. At first, I simply thought that she was a beautiful girl. It was when I got to know her that I discovered that her beauty is . . . well, there's depth to it. She . . ." He stopped before he would start committing himself.

"I promised I wouldn't tell . . ."

Then, like a man wishing it were true—or knowing it is true, Bandini reminisces, "There was a story that we were engaged, wasn't there? It started in London. It was very gloomy and rainy in London when Kim got there. I suppose they had to say something to liven things up."

And then, as if he's afraid he's said too much already—and Kim might not like the world sharing his dreams of her, Bandini will add, "I write her; of course I write. I send wishes at Easter and Christmas. Doesn't everyone?"

"And about those gifts the stories say I've sent, the ones she is supposed to have said make her eyes change color—I haven't been there to see her eyes."

Then, with the look of a man remembering the things he's done to make a girl know he loves her, "I sent Kim some records. Sophia Loren took them with her when she went to Hollywood."

"Neapolitan love songs," he adds—recklessly! A man in love—trying to hide it so that only his love and he will share the glory of it all. . . .

For an engineer, he's an excellent actor!

"I wanted to tell all of Rome that Kim was coming," Mario said later. "I was so happy, I was tempted. But I'd promised her that I wouldn't tell anyone."

"She wanted secrecy because she was coming for a rest. Perhaps it was hopeless to think she could slip into town unnoticed. But she wanted to try. When she got off the plane, crowds were there anyway."

What does Mario feel about Kim?

"I think she is far more beautiful naturally than artificially. One evening, I told her, 'You look so much better without makeup, Kim.'"

"She did what I think you call a double take. 'I what???' she exclaimed to me. Then a little girl look of concern came over her face. 'Mario, in public I'm supposed to look like a movie star. That's what people keep telling me. Otherwise I'd go wash my face right this minute. Do you really think . . . ?'"

Mario smiled, as he talked. But if Kim has any real doubts about what he thinks—"She is even more beautiful every time I see her." That's what he thinks.

Remember how, before she left the States this last time, Kim described all of the qualities that she was looking for in one man? ". . . Someone who likes me, not just because of how I look, or because I'm a star . . . but because it's ME."

And then "Someone I can laugh with, about little things." In Rome, even the

TONY LEARNS TO SHOOT— TO MUSIC!

Tony Perkins was having trouble. He had to perfect a fast draw for *The Tin Star*, faster than veteran six-shooter Neville Brand's draw—and make it look good. So Paramount hired a gun coach to help him. The first few lessons were getting Tony nowhere. He was having trouble with the rhythm. Then he got an idea . . . so on his fourth session, Tony lugged a portable phonograph into his dressing room and flipped on a jazz record. It worked! The fast beat helped Tony speed up his gun-draw—to the point where he not only was able to out-draw Brand, but finally surpassed the coach too.

subject of 'Aqua Minerale' would break up Kim and Mario. Kim, having read a travel book advising travelers to drink mineral water rather than the tap water in Europe, was determined to do it. Mario kept trying to tell her that some two million people in Rome were living on the tap water and none of them were getting sick. "After all, you don't brush your teeth with 'Aqua Minerale,' do you?" he smiled.

Her answer came in a small voice. "But I do."

". . . Someone who can be as casual and informal as I like to be—do things on impulse."

In Rome, while she was there, Mario said, "We make no plans. There's no budgeting of time, no schedule. Kim can do what she wants to do when she feels like doing it. The last time she came abroad she traveled a great deal, and her life was pretty much of a time-table. That's why I wanted her to come to Rome this time. So there wouldn't have to be the organization that traveling requires."

". . . Someone who understands my career. . . ."

Together they discovered . . .

Mario is primarily in the construction business. He does have an interest in a

short-subject film business, which brings him into contact with movie people. He knows them all, how hard they work—that even their time off isn't really always freedom. When asked about the reports that he and Kim were holding hands at VILLA D'ESTE one evening, he laughed. "There were dozens of people with us. Now how can that be romantic?"

"And as for the setting, with those fountains, we couldn't see the fountains," he said with a mock sadness. "They were flashing flashbulbs in our faces."

"But . . ." and his face softens—with the look a man always has when he remembers the girl he loves—. . . but we've touched a few stars—"

What about meeting Mario's friends? Was Kim's shyness a barrier? "Kim, shy?" asks Bandini. "No no. Kim is much too natural to be shy."

Kim became a familiar figure around Rome, winning new friends every day. The city all but adopted her. The first evening she and Bandini dined in one of the clubs, she asked the orchestra to play *Carrezzimo*, the song they discovered together last year. After that, whenever they would appear, the band would break into *Carrezzimo*.

And what about things Italian? Did Kim take to them? "And how!" says Mario. "Kim became interested in Italian cooking. For a girl who's never had a chance to try her hand at things in the kitchen, she collected a great many recipes. She made friends with Grachini, the chef at the GRAND HOTEL and Grachini doesn't give away the secrets of his masterpieces every day in the week. But Kim gave him that earnest look of hers and sighed, 'The greatest secrets of love are enclosed in a woman's heart and in the recipes in the kitchen.'"

Career . . . or marriage?

What happens next? Well, at ALFREDO's one evening, where he and Kim often had dinner together, Bandini was dining alone. He had just seen Kim off on the plane that was carrying her back to Hollywood, taking her from him, and a little wistfully he spoke of the future.

"I would like to go to Hollywood soon—but that doesn't mean that I will. Kim is starting another picture soon and it isn't good for me to go while she is working. If she has the time, I may go around Christmas."

Then, as if remembering that he must keep their lives only for themselves, he added, "On the other hand, I may not go around Christmas."

And on that trip he may not take, will it include a visit to Chicago to meet Kim's parents?

"I'd like to meet them. I understand they're very wonderful people."

Is he going to marry their daughter?

It was then that Mario, the so-called romanticist, remembered Kim's career. "It comes first just now. It should come first, at the moment. A career needs an actress' full attention for a time, just as marriage needs a woman's attention."

And he doesn't feel that Kim could do justice to either her career—or her marriage—if she tried to concentrate on both? At the moment?

But at that particular moment, Mario Bandini went a million miles away, as he heard the musicians begin playing *Carrezzimo*.

Well, perhaps not a million. Just the 6,326 miles that separate Rome from Hollywood. . . .

END

Kim will soon be in Alfred Hitchcock's *FROM AMONGST THE DEAD* to be released by Paramount, and in Columbia's *PAL JOEY*.



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Exclusive color cap assures proper shade selection for your nails.

I trailed doris day

(Continued from page 46) the fact that I thought this was funny and laughed. And I guess he felt a little sorry for me when I told him about my birthday present because before I knew it he wasn't looking at me as if I was so crazy anymore. "I can't tell you where she lives," he said, "but try PARAMOUNT STUDIOS."

I was at the big front gate of PARAMOUNT thirty minutes and two bus rides later. The gateman smiled when I told him who I wanted to see. "Everybody wants to see Miss Day," he said. And then he told me about the day they had a party in honor of the baseball player Jimmy Piersall and when Mr. Piersall arrived for the party he asked the gateman if he knew whether Doris Day was going to be there that day and said that she was the only person in Hollywood he really wanted to see. "Isn't that a nice story?" the gateman asked me.

I told him I thought it was very nice, and that I would like very much to see Doris Day more than anybody else in Hollywood, too.

A few minutes later I was talking to a publicity man for PARAMOUNT.

A big surprise for Dodo

"I had lunch with Dodo just yesterday," he said, "and I thought I'd give her a surprise. For the past two weeks she's been on a Tootsie-Roll kick. So I arranged with the waitress to give her a dessert which I invented and which was nothing more than a big plate of ice cream with a dozen Tootsie-Rolls sticking out all over the place. I thought she'd break up when she saw it. And you know what she did? She ate three of the Tootsie-Rolls right then and there and wrapped the others in a napkin and brought them back to the set." He told me how she wasn't the least bit stuckup or selfish. "I remember once," he said, "she wanted a glass of water. Instead of asking me or one of my assistants for one, she just said, 'Excuse me for a minute,' and got it herself. And," he said, "the nicest thing about her is that I've never seen her mad. No matter what time we have to start working in the morning, and it's usually pretty early, she bounces in here like gangbusters and says, 'Well . . . here we go again!'"

It was nearly 12 o'clock when we got to the publicity man's office and he called Miss Day's home to find out where she was. A maid there told him she thought she was probably out shopping with Miss Edith Head, the famous fashion designer.

We both raced down the hall together to Miss Head's office. I was very disappointed to see that she was there—and without Doris Day. "No," she said, "Dodo and I went shopping for accessories yesterday. And what a day!" She explained to me that most of the stars have the big stores deliver things to the studio where they look them over and pick the one they like best. "But Dodo," she said, "likes to get out with people and go to the stores herself. And I never knew anyone could be so popular. At least twenty people came up to her to say hello while she was buying shoes, at least thirty while she was deciding on a purse and at least fifty while she was picking out a belt! Even the elevator boy at BULLOCKS-WILSHIRE, a nice looking Mexican boy, stopped his elevator mid-way to tell her, 'Miss Day, I like you all my life. Even in Mexico I buy your record when I do not even know English and know what you sing about!'"

"Edith," the publicity man asked, "you have no idea where she is today?"

Miss Head said no. Then she clicked her fingers and looked at me and said, "Except I know she was going to go back to BULLOCKS sometime today to pick up a

belt she'd decided on. Why don't you take a run over to the store? She may be there."

It must have taken me an hour to get to the BULLOCKS department store. When I got there I rushed right up to the belt counter and asked a pretty blonde salesgirl if Doris Day had been there yet.

"Gee, you missed her by about half an hour," the salesgirl told me. When she saw how sad I looked, she said, "But maybe you can catch her at BIFF's."

"At BIFF's?" I asked. I thought it was another department store.

"It's where she likes to eat when she goes shopping," the salesgirl said. She told me how to get there. "And if you haven't had your lunch yet," she said, "grab a bite there. You'll like it."

Where the stars eat

That was the first time that day I realized I hadn't had lunch yet, even though it was way after 1 o'clock already. I headed for the restaurant.

You can't imagine how surprised I was when I got to BIFF's. It's a very lovely place, don't get me wrong. But it's not fancy like I imagined it would be. I felt very comfortable walking in.

"Can I help you?" the man at the counter asked me.

I told him I was looking for Doris Day. "She was here just a little while ago."

"Oh, no," I groaned, and then I told him my story about trying to find her.

He was so nice, just like everyone else had been that day. He asked me if I'd had

Lowell Thomas was at a Hollywood premiere. In the blinding lights, he couldn't see the girl whose arm was around him as they posed for photographers. Being a bashful country boy, he tried to keep his hand off her bare skin. But there seemed to be a lot of it. He kept groping and finally found some dress material. "And what's your name, little girl?" he asked. She answered: "Jayne Mansfield."

Earl Wilson in the N.Y. Post

any lunch yet. When I said no, he pointed out a stool right at the counter and told me that was where Doris Day had had her lunch that afternoon and why didn't I sit there.

"Can I have the same thing for lunch that she had?" I asked him.

He smiled at me. First, he gave me a cold glass of tomato juice with a little lemon on the side. Then he gave me a very thick cheeseburger and a chocolate malted. I was about to start eating the cheeseburger when the counterman stopped me.

"If you want to eat it like Doris Day," he said, "you put a little mayonnaise on one side . . . like this, a little mustard on the other . . . like this, and here on top some onion . . . like this." He put on an awful lot of onion, I must admit. "And don't go cutting it in half," he said, "like some women do. Pick it up whole the way Miss Day does and really dig in and enjoy it."

And did I enjoy it. In fact, I was almost ready to ask for another one when I suddenly realized that it was 3 o'clock and that I'd better call back the publicity man at PARAMOUNT STUDIOS to find out whether he had heard from Miss Day yet.

He said he hadn't. But he said, too, that he wanted me to call him back every half hour until it was time for me to leave, just in case.

At 3:30 on the dot, I called back.

Then at 4 o'clock.

Then at 4:30.

All those times it was the same thing:

"I'm sorry, Sally, but nobody can seem to locate her."

By the time 5 o'clock came around, and I spoke to the publicity man on the fourth call I expected him to say the same thing he'd said before. But instead this time his voice was real excited.

"Where are you now?" he asked me.

I told him.

"And you say you have to catch that bus at 5:30?" he asked.

I said yes.

Don't make a move . . .

"Well," he said, "get to the bus station as quick as you can and stand at the entrance. And Sally," he said, "what's the color of the dress you're wearing again?"

At the bus terminal, I could hear a man calling out buses over the microphone.

I was all right up until about 5:20. But then I began to get very nervous. At 5:25, the man with the microphone made the announcement I'd been knowing would come: "San Diego bus—boarding now—all aboard!"

I decided I'd wait just one more minute.

And that's when it all happened—exactly a minute later.

"Sally Mazzella?" I heard a woman's voice call out.

I looked into a big car which had just pulled up in front of me. A woman was poking her head out, smiling at me.

"Hello, Miss Day," I said, smiling back.

And then I realized who it was. "Doris Day!!" I screamed.

"I heard from the studio that you've spent all your birthday money to see me," Miss Day said. "I'm very flattered." Then she told me how she'd been shopping all day, how she'd phoned home just a little while earlier and how they'd told her to call the studio so the publicity man could tell her about me. She said, too, how glad she was that she was able to catch me in time.

I was too caught up in the throat to be able to say anything back. But finally I managed to say, "Miss Day, you look so pretty."

"Thank you, Sally," she said to me.

Then I said, "Miss Day, could you please wait here for just a minute?"

She said of course she could. And then I turned and scooted into the bus station. A minute later I was back.

Just for being so nice

"Miss Day," I said, "I know how much you like these and I just wanted to give you something for being so nice and coming to see me." And I handed her the two Tootsie-Rolls I'd just bought.

As she took them from me she laughed and winked and said, "How did you know about these, Sally?"

But before I could answer the man on the microphone said: "San Diego—last call!"

I had to go now.

"I'm sorry we haven't got a little more time," Miss Day said.

"I am, too," I said and stared at her wonderful face for a moment and then took her hand and shook it. Then I turned around and ran through the bus terminal and to the bus. I caught it just in time.

When I got back to San Diego that night, my folks knew right away that I'd gotten to see Doris Day.

When I asked my Mother how she knew she said, "Because your eyes are all red and you're smiling."

Wasn't that a wonderful birthday present, Mr. Myers?

Yours sincerely,
(Miss) Sally Mazzella

Doris can now be seen in Warner Bros.' PAJAMA GAME. Watch for her in Paramount's TEACHER'S PET.

NOW...HELP YOURSELF TO A HAND-SPAN WAIST!

Kleinert's "Waist-In" minimizes your middle like magic! Only \$2.98!

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Formfit's all-in-one Skippies foundation garment. Will give your sheaths a new look—your figure new wonder. \$10.95. Lush nylon petticoat with pleated trim. By Stardust. \$2.98.

*Photos by Roger Prigent
Golden Decor by Austen Display, N.Y.
Pearls on both pages by Duchess*





*new zippered Mold 'n Hold Playtex panty girdle of Fabri-
n. Easy on and off and very slimming. \$10.95. The lovely
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*Bra for a sophisticated feeling, the front-zip bandeau—
sheer lace top, cotton stitched undercup for wide separation.
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Undercover Pretties

*agic Oval Pantie of Power Lace Lastex. \$8.95. Front hook
lon lace bra with Magic Inserts. \$6.50. By Perma•lift.
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modern screen beauty



*Movie
stars are
famous
for*

GLAMOROUS

HAIR -

Here is their...

top secret

*See sensational Suzy Parker in 20th's KISS THEM FOR ME
with Cary Grant and Jayne Mansfield*



■ Fall fashion and beauty forecasts from Hollywood carry two major news items—individuality and color. To achieve both in clothes and accessories is no trick with such novelties as gingham shoes, carpet handbags, printed jerseys, chic sweater knit dresses and gay-wonder colors. Individuality in hair styling is not too difficult. But color in hair is news—for every girl dreams of radiant hair. If it has not been her fortune—or, even if she has beautiful hair and wishes to change it to a new color—she can! The Hollywood stars do—to play particular roles in color movies or to just look exciting. (Continued on page 74)

Keep up your easy retouch job to keep your new hair shade perfect

You should always make a test before you give yourself a new hair shade

Photos by Roger Prigent

"I'm now johnny saxon . . ."

(Continued from page 49) She slipped her small, thin arm around his waist, almost protectively, and looked up at her father. "He's going to be a famous actor," she said in an excited voice, "and he's gotta go to his class."

Mr. Orrico looked tenderly at his youngest daughter as she stood before him defiantly. Slowly he turned and walked back to his chair.

Ann Orrico was a good wife. She was also a good mother. She tried to understand her son's strange desire to become an actor. It would pass, she was sure, like all of his other ideas—like wanting to be a policeman or an explorer.

She was also sure that this funny name he had chosen for himself, Johnny Saxon, was just a passing fancy. Why should her son, Carmen Orrico, with such a beautiful name, want to drop it for one not so pretty? Acting . . . success . . . Hollywood. . . . This happened to other people—far away.

A start for Johnny

And then there were Delores and Julie, twelve and ten, still young enough to believe that fairy tales could start at home. Why shouldn't their big brother change his name to Johnny Saxon and go to Hollywood and become a movie star and make million dollars? Why should he paint houses or be a chiropractor if he wanted to be an actor?

That was how it was in the Orrico family. The love and the warmth were always here—but also the sharp conflict between hard reason which fed mouths, and softly flowing dreams which fed the soul.

Suddenly a big break came for Johnny. A part on a TV show, his first real chance to act. Delores and Julie joined hands and danced gleefully around their brother. "Johnny's an actor, Johnny's an actor"—that's what they sang. This fairy tale was starting at home, in a gray stone house in Borough Park, Brooklyn—just like the girls had known it would.

Anthony Orrico merely raised one eyebrow.

Ann Orrico patted her son on the arm—but the worried look on her face was asking him *aren't you going to enroll in that chiropractor's school?*

Johnny walked slowly to his bedroom and closed the door behind him. He took out the TV script to study his part.

YOUNG MAN SHUFFLES OUT OF DINER, STOPS MOMENTARILY TO LOOK AT HEADLINES OF MORNING PAPER. CLOSE-UP OF MORNING PAPER. MAN DISAPPEARS OUT DOOR.

That was his part. He was the young man shuffling out of the diner. It was a beginning, anyway. Maybe now his father would leave him alone about acting.

The night after his first acting appearance, he couldn't wait to get home. He knew that the family and some neighbors had gathered in their living room to watch the program. Rushing up the subway steps three at a time, he knew more than anything else he wanted to make his family, especially his father, proud of him.

"Well," he said breathlessly as he stood framed in the doorway, "how was I?" He looked directly, appealingly at his father. "It just so happens," Mr. Orrico said, stretching back in his chair, a flicker of a smile playing on his face, "that I bent over a light cigarette and I missed you entirely." He burst out laughing.

Johnny just stood there, stunned and hurt. He didn't understand. His father just know how much it meant to him.

Delores rushed over to him and embraced him. "I don't care what he says. You were wonderful." Johnny bent over and kissed the top of her head, then hurried out of the room.

"Carmen," his father called out, a little guiltily. He hadn't really meant to hurt the boy, but he was getting so touchy. He seemed to have lost his sense of humor.

Johnny stopped and turned around. "My name is Johnny," he said defiantly. "Johnny Saxon. I'm going to be an actor and that's all there is to it." He ran to his room and slammed the door.

"Now you've hurt his feelings," Julie reproached her father.

"I was only kidding him," Mr. Orrico said uneasily. "He just isn't himself anymore. It's like having a stranger living in the house. A stranger named Johnny Saxon."

"He'll always be Carmen to me," Mrs. Orrico said firmly.

Off to Hollywood

It went on like that for many months. Johnny would leave the house in the early morning and study dramatics or try out for acting roles all day. He wouldn't return home until he was sure that his parents would be asleep. It was much easier that way. He loved them very much, and he knew they loved him, but they didn't understand him any more. It was easier to avoid them.

Mr. and Mrs. Orrico did not approve of Johnny's coming home late. Each night they decided to have it out with him—so

Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin told me a very funny story about Tony Jr., their 9-year-old. Young Tony and his brother Nicky were both on Tony's TV show. Nicky was fine and did his part, but Tony Jr. wouldn't open his mouth—he just stood there. When his father asked him questions, he refused to answer.

After the show was over, Tony Sr. said: "Why didn't you answer Daddy's questions? Why did you just stand there? You talked enough at other times!"

"I wasn't going to have all those people laughing at me," said young Tony.

*Louella Parsons
in The N. Y. Journal-American*

they would bolt the front door so he could not sneak past them.

But somehow, they never had it out. The Orricos would sleep the night through without hearing any knocking on the front door.

Slowly, painfully, it seemed that their resistance was being worn down. Johnny began bringing home money, money he was making as a model. It wasn't acting, but it was show business to his skeptical parents. And it was paying off. It was Delores and Julie who were helping Johnny. Each night as they tip-toed past their parents' bedroom, they would quietly slide open the bolt.

For many months, Johnny's dark, handsome face could be seen on the covers of detective magazines and in confession stories—pouting from behind a sawed-off shot gun or poised to backhand a terrified, half-clad blonde.

And then Johnny was off to Hollywood. His agent had told him there was a chance for a motion picture contract. A talent scout had spotted his pictures in some magazines and told him to come out to California—and maybe, just maybe, he had a chance.

Everyone was seated around the dinner table eating chicken cacciatore—everyone but Johnny Saxon who had suddenly no appetite at all.

"Dad," he started nervously. "Mom . . .

it looks kind of like I'm going out to Hollywood."

Mr. Orrico put down his fork and stared at his son. Mrs. Orrico let out a loud gasp. Julie looked steadily at her big brother and winked. He felt Delores' foot press his ankle under the table.

"So you can starve just as well there as you can here," his father said finally, but the old bitterness was missing.

"I'll only be gone three weeks," Johnny said eagerly. "If nothing happens inside of three weeks, I'll be back here. You won't even know I was gone, it'll happen so quickly."

"Carmen, Dear," Mrs. Orrico said, patting his hand wistfully, "when you come back, maybe you'll start looking into that chiropractor's school. You always wanted to be a chiropractor. Remember?"

"I always wanted to be an actor, Mom," Johnny said gently. "That's all I want to do. Maybe that's all I know how to do."

Mrs. Orrico looked at her little boy, her little Carmen. How she hated to think of him hurt and disappointed—far away from her in Hollywood. They were just the Anthony Orricos from Borough Park, Brooklyn. Fame and fortune didn't come to people like them. Just hard work and a simple, honest life. She didn't want to see her boy hurt, but maybe it would be best for him to go and get the acting idea out of his system. Then he'd come back and settle down to being Carmen Orrico again.

Johnny left New York several weeks later with just enough cash in his pocket to support himself for twenty-one days, and a round trip airline ticket to Hollywood. Delores and Julie dug deep into their piggy banks and gave him all their savings. He refused but they insisted. They wanted him to have more than he would need for three weeks, just in case the breaks didn't come so quickly. "We want an actor in the family," they told him. "Anybody's big brother can be a chiropractor."

Tears in Johnny's eyes

On Johnny's twenty-first day in Hollywood, he was flat broke—but sitting in an office at Universal-International signing a long-term contract, hardly daring to believe his dream was coming true.

The first thing he did, after signing that contract, was cash in his return ticket and wire Delores and Julie the money they had given him—plus interest.

He called his family right away and told them the news. They congratulated him, but asked him anxiously, "When are you coming back to New York, Carmen?" They couldn't quite accept it. Their son—under contract to a big Hollywood studio!

Every Sunday afternoon, Johnny would place a phone call to his family in New York. They would sit anxiously all day, waiting.

At first there was always the same question—"When are you coming home, Carmen?" Then, as the months went by, they just waited for the phone calls—and finally they didn't ask him to come home anymore.

One day, just before Johnny's first Christmas in Hollywood, he was awakened by the sound of his doorbell. He stumbled sleepily to the front door and was handed a small, neatly wrapped package.

Curiosity got the best of him and, even though it wasn't Christmas yet, he opened it quickly. The card read—*With love, from mother and dad.* In his hand he held up a handsome silver identification bracelet with the name JOHNNY SAXON engraved on it.

There it was. The final recognition. The final acceptance and tribute—but Johnny could hardly see it for the tears in his eyes.

END

Watch for Johnny in U-I's SUMMER LOVE.

there's a
bit of
Satan in...

top secret

(Continued from page 72) Most important, many stars change the color of their hair as challenged to a new mood or determination. New star, Suzy Parker, was born with hair aglow with gleaming highlights. The model shown with Suzy Parker (page 72) has changed the color of her tresses to match those of Suzy's. Occasionally she touches up the roots. Here is the secret of how to do this easy change of hair color job.

When you have decided to change the color of your hair the first question to determine is—do you want to lighten or darken your hair (perhaps just make it have golden or bronze highlights). When you have chosen the color you must then decide whether you want a red tone in the new color—gold or an ash tone (such as ash blonde). A shade selector chart that will give you all the permanent colors (and bleaches) as well as indicate their respective ash tones, is available at your favorite cosmetic counter. Ask to look at this chart and you will see how easy it is to select the color you want. If you are going to darken your hair be sure and choose a color that is only one or two shades darker than your hair is now so that the new selected color will blend with your eyes and skin coloring. If you are going to lighten your hair, select a color that is one or two shades lighter than the present color.

Now, for the hair color bath! First, study the booklet that is in the package. It will advise you to make what is called a "patch test." This takes but a moment and is really a must.

Before you start your hair color bath—some twenty-four hours after your "patch test"—be sure you first gather together all the preparations and essentials as outlined in the booklet (you should purchase all of these essentials at the time you do your tint and activator). The whole job should take you about twenty minutes. Remember these points. Don't let the preparation get near your eyes. Don't use it on your lashes or brows. Don't repeat the use of the preparation on your hair unless you wait for a twenty-four hour interval. Don't pre-bleach your hair unless you wish a very drastic change of color or a very light shade. And, remember to work quickly when applying.

After the hair color bath (or bleach) shampoo and rinse. Before setting, rub in a cream hair dress and conditioner.

Hair coloring is no longer a fad—it is as important a cosmetic as any today. And the time—there's nothing to it! A temporary hair coloring can be accomplished in less than five minutes or a natural-looking permanent tint about twenty. Bleaching, of course, takes longer (depending on the blonde shade you select and depending on the color of your hair at the beginning).

Why not give these big top secrets of hair coloring to Mom, too? Convince her to cover up those first grey strands—her hair will still be as natural-looking as ever. Maybe you can even convince her to change the color of her hair. The mothers (and grandmothers) of Hollywood stars do! It is important for every girl, and woman, to be glamorous!

Suggested preparations:

BLONDEX
MISS CLAIROL
DUBARRY (Color-Glo, Tru-Tint)
RICHARD HUDNUT (Light and Bright)
NESTLE
NOREEN
MARCHANT'S
TINT 'n SET, INC.

SATIN FINISH

the new Evening in Paris lipstick

It's absolutely wicked of Evening in Paris to make a lipstick so alluring!
Satin Finish *clings* as scandalously as satin... *smooths* your
lips to satiny softness... makes them *tempting* as the devil.
In a bewitching spectrum of pinks, corals, reds... each sheathed
in a tall golden swivel case. Now only 49c



INFERNO RED, ONE OF THE NEW SATIN FINISH SHADES

Open letter to Frank's kids

(Continued from page 33) candy, your Dad's hand got in and out of his pocket in record time, tossing him the quarter. And our friend heard him say anxiously, "You girls want some, too? No? You sure? Well, maybe something else—?" And that slightly nervous air never left him all afternoon.

That's pretty funny, isn't it? Because if there's one thing your Pop is known for, it's hangin' easy. No matter where or when or with whom, he just isn't the anxious type. He's relaxed as—as Perry Como. He's famous for it.

But not with you. Oh, don't get us wrong. He knows you love him; he knows you're good kids. And that's exactly why he looks so tense. *He's afraid to hurt you.* Afraid that one day you won't have a good time with him. Afraid that no matter how good a father he is—he won't be *the best*. It puts those lines in his forehead. It's the one thing on this mortal earth that scares rich, charming, talented, top-of-the-world Frank Sinatra to death.

He might hurt you. And it's true, he's got reason to worry sometimes. You know he's got a suit on against a national magazine that ran a three-article series about him. He claims that he found twenty-three factual errors in the first article alone. Mind you, those errors couldn't have hurt his career or his social life in any way. He could have ignored them and saved himself the dough and the publicity and the bother of suing. But when he read that article for the first time he threw down the magazine and turned a white face to the other guys in the room. "Don't those jokers know I've got kids?" he bellowed. "Big kids. They can read. What am I gonna tell them when they read these lies about me? What are they gonna think?" He ran his hands through his hair. "I'm suing them," he said. "I can't just sit back and let the kids get this stuff thrown in their faces in school."

So he's got a suit on. And now he's got even more to worry about. His name has been dragged into one of the messiest scandal suits that ever made front-page news. You know what trial we're talking about. You must know—because you can read it in all the papers, and not even your worried father can do a thing about it.

As low as you can get

That's why we wanted to tell you kids some other things we know about your Pop. Things we've heard about here and there, in bits and snatches, little stories about him sent to us and told to us by a lot of people—some famous movie stars, some newspaper reporters, some nobodies. It's about the side of your father that doesn't make headlines. . . .

Like that story we heard from a friend of Lee J. Cobb's. Maybe your Pop wouldn't like it to get around, but it's a cinch if Lee or one of his pals hadn't told it, no one would ever know about it—because your Pop would never open his mouth!

Lee is sitting on top of the world now, of course, but two years ago, he was flat broke, just divorced, out of work with no prospects, and on top of everything else he was in the hospital with a heart attack. That was in July.

So anyway, as far as money went—and as far as his mood, too—Lee was about as low as you can get . . . that day your Pop phoned him at the hospital. The call took about fifteen seconds and went, "Hello, this is Frank Sinatra. Thought I'd let you know I'm coming over!"

Lee thought someone was kidding him, because Lee hardly knew the guy.

But that afternoon and every afternoon after that, Sinatra went straight to the

hospital after work. He was making *The Tender Trap* as I recall it. Anyhow, he didn't come empty-handed. He brought books and flowers, and he got lists of what Lee liked to eat—and was allowed to eat—and I think he even sent to New York for some stuff once. But more than that, he brought that famous Sinatra happy-mood charm with him. You know what we're talking about! He never even gave Lee a chance to brood. Every day he had something else to tell him about how so-and-so said what a great actor Cobb was and how many parts he had waiting for him. Maybe he even made it all up. I don't know. All I know is when Lee got out of the hospital, your father's car drove Lee to the Sinatra house, and the Sinatra servants looked after him and Sinatra told him to hurry up and get well because he wanted Lee to direct a movie for him.

Anyway, you know what happened. Lee got better—oh, I should add when it got too hot to bear in Palm Springs Sinatra moved Lee to an apartment in Hollywood and picked up the tab for that, too—and all of a sudden everyone in town wanted Lee. He's too busy acting to direct, I guess you'd say. But let me tell you, if Sinatra asked, Lee'd drop the juiciest part this side of Oscarland, to do him a favor. I mean any day of the week. He's paid back the money Sinatra laid out long ago. But the rest of what Lee owes him—that's not the kind of debt you can pay off. Except maybe by letting it get around what kind of a guy your Pop is.

So anyway, that's the story. Oh, by the way, when I said your Pop hardly knew Lee, I meant they had met at a party, said *hello*—maybe had a drink—and that was it. Period. So what I'm getting at is—if a guy will do something like that for a stranger—what will he do for his friends?

They called him "The Voice"

This next story came to us in the mail a couple of years back, and the woman who wrote to us said she'd rather not give her name because she's a married woman with children of her own now, but she could still remember—like it was yesterday—when it happened. She was a high school girl then, in Gary, Indiana. That was back about eleven years ago—you weren't even born yet, Christina!—and all the kids in Gary had walked out of all the high schools on strike, because there were Negro kids going to the same classes. She wrote that she didn't remember clearly how they got so steamed up, but there were an awful lot of rumors going around that the white kids were being discriminated against, and they were lowering themselves by sitting next to the colored kids—and a lot of the parents talked that way, too. Anyway, one day they were in school, and the next they were on strike and the papers were full of it, and the Mayor was making speeches and Gary, Indiana, was headline news all over the country.

Well, the strike hadn't been on more than a couple of days when the kids got word that Frankie was coming out to Gary to talk to them. Boy, I don't know if anyone can appreciate what that meant then. That was when they called your Pop *The Voice* and he wore those floppy bow ties

and looked so skinny, and the girls wore sloppy joes and saddle shoes and used to scream and faint in the aisles—just like over Elvis and Pat, only more so! I mean really *faint*. This woman who wrote to us said she did, too, once, right in the PARAMOUNT THEATRE in New York watching your Pop, and the police carried her out and gave her smelling salts. Anyway, what I mean is, Frankie was the biggest man in the country, the way no one ever has been to kids since. And I don't know how many hundreds of thousands of dollars he made every time he got up on a stage and opened his mouth, and also he was making movies at that time. But here he was, ducking out of everything to come to Gary.

So sweet and good

Well, the strike leaders told all the kids to stay away from the Municipal Auditorium where he was going to talk—that's what the strike leaders told the students to do. But of course who was going to listen to a strike leader say something like that? It didn't make sense, the kids thought. So they sneaked over anyhow, some six thousand of them! The house was packed.

Then Frankie—your Pop—walked on stage. And he started to talk. "I guess," this married woman wrote us, "I'll never forget that talk as long as I live. I mean, who'd ever heard Frankie say anything? Well, he told us the strike was a bad deal, bad for us, bad for the country. I remember him saying, 'It's a Nazi trick to divide and rule by pitting race against race. That can't happen here because we won't let it.' He told us what I'd been suspecting anyhow, personally—because otherwise why would those strike leaders have tried to keep us from listening to our Frankie?—anyway, he told us that the strike had been taken out of our hands and was being run by outsiders who didn't really give a darn for us and our school. He was so intense and concerned, and we all knew how much he cared."

"And then," this woman explained in her letter, "Frankie said, 'Do me a personal favor. I came down here to ask you to go back to school. Please do it.'"

Well, he sounded so—sweet—and good. Some of the kids there started to cry. Then he sang something to close the program—she doesn't remember what, but I have an idea Nancy, Frankie, Christina know it was probably *The House I Live In*, because it was around then that he made that short on tolerance. And got a special Oscar for it!

Anyway, a couple days later they all went back to school.

And I think it was on account of Frankie. "I know," that lady wrote in her letter, "it just would have killed me to have him ask me to do something and then not do it. And he'd been so nice, not bawling anyone out, just telling us we were bright and smart—it made us feel that way."

Did you know your Pop got an awful lot of awards that year for that kind of thing? Almost a dozen, I think. But the best award he ever got was just all those kids going back to school like he asked them to that day, and learning to live in peace.

He knew he would get well

There are other things somebody here and there remembers about your Pop. Sammy Davis, Jr. for instance. They all came around when Sammy lost his eye. The crowd in his hospital room was made up of some of the most famous faces in Hollywood. And they put on a good show. They laughed it up for hours. They gave Sammy all the latest gossip, all the newest jokes. And they looked anywhere—at the walls, the ceilings, under the bed—to keep from looking at the hole where his eye should have been.

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They had all gone home when Frank walked into the room. And Frank didn't come in grinning. He walked in with his eyes dark and serious, and they didn't look up or down—they looked Sammy straight in the face. "Well," said your Pop, "what's it gonna be now?"

And for the first time since the car crash, for the first time since he knew he would wear a patch for the rest of his life, Sammy Davis, Jr. let the smile drain off his face, let the cheerful lies stop pouring out. For the first time, he talked about what was going to be—his terror of facing the world again; his fear that a one-eyed singer was no one anyone would want to hire.

And Frank fed him no lies. For hours they sat and talked about the problems that lay ahead. About the road that wouldn't be easy any more. And at the end, when the nurse came in to tell Frank it was time to leave, he stood up slowly, stubbed out his cigarette and smiled for the first time. "You and me, Sam," he said. "We'll make it."

He said it with the voice of a man who had sat on top of the world—and felt it crumble away beneath him. A man who read his name in a newspaper's cynical list of THINGS THAT NO LONGER MATTER. Who had been called every name under the sun and found the hardest one to take was—*has-been*. A man who had given up his wife—your Mother—and a home to chase a dream of romance around the world—and had come back alone.

You kids'll be able to understand that a little bit better when you're older. Just remember for now—though I guess you know it pretty well, your Pop never gave you up. Anyway, when the door closed behind Frankie, Sammy Davis, Jr. sank back into the pillows. If the doctors hadn't warned him against it, he would have cried. For the sick fear that had come to him each time the gay, laughing cheerers had left, was gone. For the first time, he knew he would get well. . . .

The worst you can say . . .

I just read a bit in the papers about Frank Sinatra socking some guy. I'm not defending your father for using his fists too much—sure, he swings when he ought to talk it out instead. But I do say, near every time—he had a reason. Like the time he nearly killed a guy in a nightclub for asking who was the "broad" with Sinatra. It sounds like a fairly innocent question—even though that's not such a nice word to use!

Only thing was, the guy was a columnist. And the broad was Judy Garland, whose husband Sid Luft, was on the other side of the country on business. And Judy was six months pregnant!

Hours later, Frank was still raving about it. "Sure I hit him. If I hadn't hit him, he'd have had it in his column that I was dating Judy while Sid's out of town. For Cripes' sake! I wasn't with Judy—we were both in the same crowd, that's all."

By the way, did you know about that time your father was in a crap game?

I've laughed about this for years.

The way that story goes, for years your father has been eating at one big Hollywood restaurant. Always sat at the same table, always had the same waiter, always tipped high wide and handsome.

So one night Frankie walks in and sits down and the waiter doesn't make a move to serve him, but gestures for another waiter to take his place.

Sinatra says, "What's the matter, don't you want to wait on me any more?"

The waiter shook his head real sad-like. "Sure I do, Mr. Sinatra, but I lost you to him in a crap game last night. You're his till June . . ."

Look, kids, we could go on for pages

like this. There are so many of these stories it could fill a book. Your grandmother Sinatra could tell you about the winter in Florida he gave her the clothes the house. Phil Silvers could tell you about the time Sinatra saved his act and his career, and Bela Lugosi—had he lived—could tell you about how everyone in Hollywood thought it was noble of Mr. Lugosi to commit himself to a hospital to have his drug addiction cured—but your Pop was the only one who phoned him there and asked if there was anything he could do. Everyone else was too scared people would think they were friends of a junky. There's a New Jersey kid who had leukemia who could tell you about the trip Frankie made to see her—halfway across the country. There are the *Underprivileged Children of England* who have summer camps now because an American named Mr. Sinatra got the idea of doing a benefit for them and spent thousands of dollars of his own money making the arrangements—with no less a partner than Prince Philip. There are the parents of a little boy in L.A. who took their three-year-old to the docks at San Pedro to see the ships go in and out. The child fell into the deep water off the end of the pier, and before anyone else could move, a skinny guy the comedians all called anemic—this was back in '45—had made a twenty-yard-dash across the dock, dived into the water, and pulled the child to safety. He could have made a lot of capital off that

Elvis Presley was showing friends (five) a magazine advertisement about the Elvis Presley lipstick on the market. The magazine ad says it comes in Hound Dog orange, Heartbreak pink, Lova-ya fuchsia, Tutti Frutti red, Tender pink and Cruel red. Other people however, appeared All Shook Up by this advertisement about a man and his lipstick.

Sidney Skolsky in the N. Y. Post

one. He didn't. The comics went right on making jokes about how he'd split in two if he bent from the waist, and your father grinned and let them.

But you don't have to hear all those stories. Strictly speaking, you didn't have to hear any of these—we know we're not telling you anything new. You know your father pretty well. Nancy, you go with him on tours, to premieres. Frankie, well, you get your music lessons from your Pop. Christina, you get teased about being the Miss Moneybags of the family practically every night of every week. Because your father is around that often. To make sure nothing goes wrong for you kids. To keep you as safe as a guy in his business can.

No, this isn't to tell you anything new. It's just to say—we don't know what they'll be printing about your Pop in the next few weeks. And we don't care. But whatever it is, true or false, clean or dirt—don't get the idea you ever have to apologize for your Pop.

It's the scandals that make the headlines, every time. But it's the record on the other side of your Pop, the side that gives not just his time and money, but gives of himself to friends and strangers alike, over and over again, that is going to count in the end. . . .

Yours sincerely,
DAVID MYERS

Frank's in Paramount's *THE JOKER* I WILD, UA's *KINGS GO FORTH* and *THE PRIDE AND THE PASSION* and Columbia's *PAL JOEY*.

we applaud mrs. taylor

(Continued from page 60) European movie actress before Bob ever spied her, she is also a continental at heart, far more at home and happy at the theatre, opera or urban pleasure spots than she is frying venison over a campfire.

But the difference is that she owns a *hausfrau* instinct to obey and please her lord and master—even in departments usually jealously considered strictly personal with most American wives! Bob, for instance, picks out all of Ursula's dresses—usually solid blacks, reds or whites—and even dictates her hairdo, still just as it was when he met her—shaggy bangs in front but long, pulled back and bunned up behind. While that's not the height of fashion right now she wears it contentedly because never-changing Bob sees her romantically that way.

But, perhaps more than any other reason, we applaud Ursula because *she is willing to give something up . . . to make her guy happy.*

But Ursula has made the sacrifice of practically renouncing a very promising movie career because her husband doesn't believe in wives working.

"I acted until the time I was married," she explains, perhaps just a little wistfully. "Besides, I've always been awfully independent." Ursula was first married at seventeen and at twenty-two was supporting herself, two children and her mother. "I like responsibility," she admits. "I would like to do just a picture every two years, enough to give me money for birthday presents and Christmas . . . but Bob has a different point of view. He wants me there when he gets home."

Nancy Davis Reagan—Ronnie's wife, and one of Ursula's closest friends, remembers that—"Bob said to me once, 'I don't want Ursula bothered with worries about what her director said to her. I don't want a wife who's worked all day and comes home so upset or tired with the problems of movie making that she can't be a good wife and mother."

First in her heart. . . .

Ursula is wisely wary of any movie job that would disturb her home life or involve her in distant locations. Twice what looked like perfect answers—teaming with Bob in pictures—fizzled after Bob had been pretty well talked into consent: Kay Kendall's part in *Quentin Durward* and then *The Power And The Prize* looked ideal for a Taylor family affair, but when it came down to cases Bob wasn't really happy about a career for her. "I think he's afraid I'll wreck his picture," she suspects. "He's such a perfectionist." The clincher he usually tosses at the critical point is, "I can't afford to let you work, Ursula. Ups my income tax and costs me money." In any event, the issue has never come right down to an impasse yet.

It never will, because making Bob a comfortable, happy home is Ursula's first job . . . and first in her heart. . . .

That home is a beige stone and white wood farm style house in Pacific Palisades, built on an ocean-view lot that Bob picked out and bought before Ursula ever spied it. Its biggest luxury feature is a bedroom for each member of the family, if you don't count Henry, Bob's golden retriever, and Pappy, a poodle Ursula acquired before she was married, "when I needed a man around the house pretty badly." There's also a pool where the whole gang swims—sometimes including the pups! And an indoor barbecue of which Bob is stubbornly proud. Although he banged away on the roof and elsewhere when the house was a-building, the big brick grill was the

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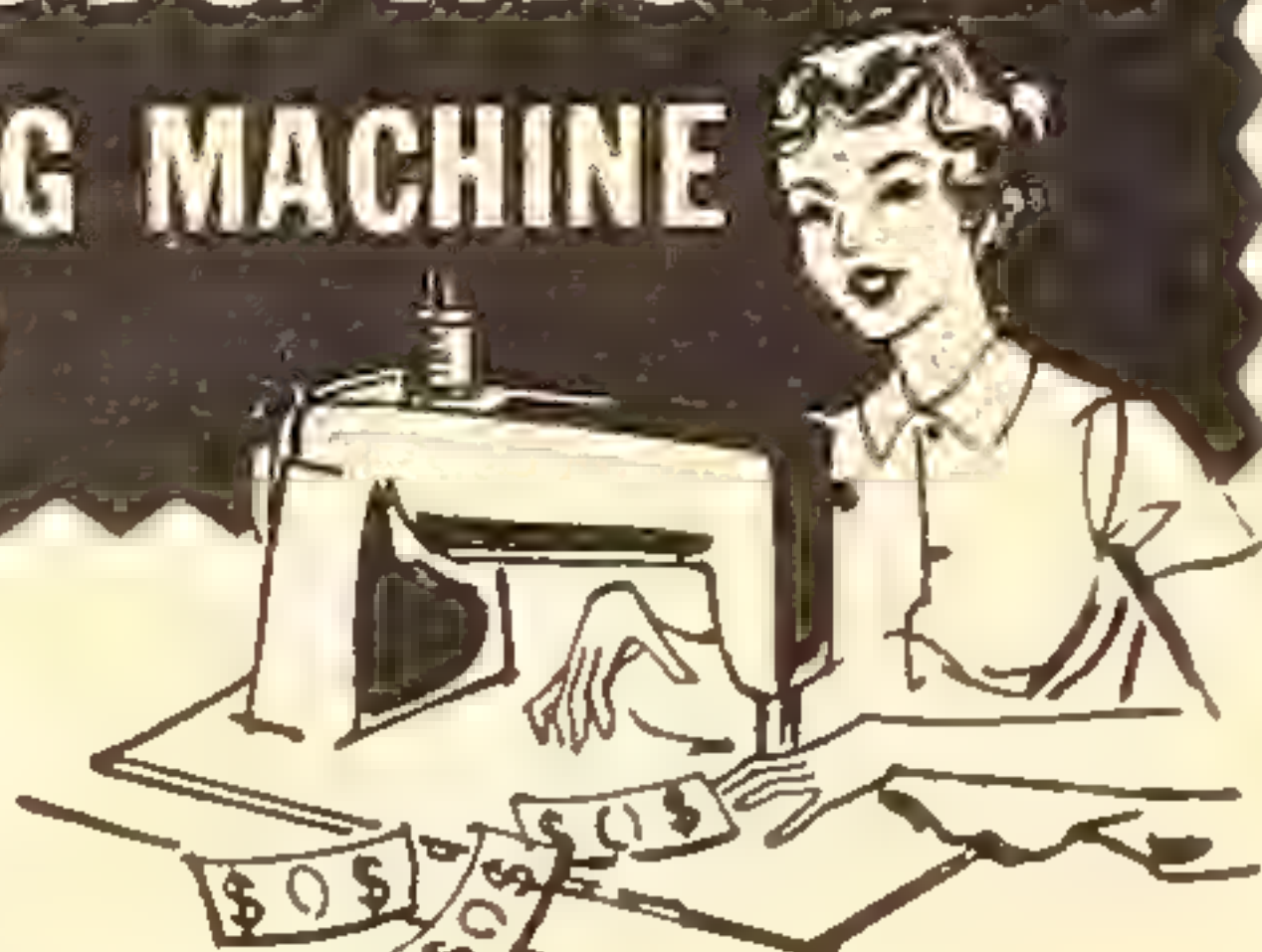
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only part of the place he personally designed. First night they tried it out with a barbecue party, billows of smoke sent the guests stumbling outdoors choking and gasping! Just the same Bob loves to use it—preferably after a cocktail or two to neutralize the carbon monoxide!

Wowing her husband

Bob, Ursula and their brood moved in a couple of years ago with "just a few ash-trays," says Ursula, but by now it's furnished comfortably enough for the casual kind of living they like. The pattern of living set right after Bob and Ursula were married. That's when their neighbors, Dinah Shore and George Montgomery, called up about dinner time and invited, "Come on over—we're just putting on some steaks." Ursula already had dinner cooking but a relaxed invitation like this really impressed Bob. Before, he'd always thought dinner parties had to be planned, formal affairs. Now the call-up-and-drop-over type of social life is about the only kind he'll go for. Regular customers at the Taylor house include Ronnie and Nancy Reagan, Bob and Dorothy Mitchum, Eleanor Parker and her artist husband, Paul Clemens, the Ralph Cousers and Morgan Maree, Bob's business manager. If the indoor barbecue smokes too much, Ursula whips up a single-plate supper featuring some of her German goulash concoctions with potato pancakes. That always wows her husband. "I can't speak a word of German," he assures her, "but what Germans eat sure gives me the message."

On his first flight to Europe with Ursula after they married he tapped back, "I'm rounding up my little Krauts and trying to make an impression. But it's rough. So far I'm using Indian sign language."

Just making him happy

The little Krauts aren't so little any more; moreover, they're no longer Krauts. Manuela, now thirteen, goes to a girls'

boarding school in Claremont, California, and Mike, eleven, drills at BLACK-FOX MILITARY SCHOOL in Hollywood. By now neither has much accent left and Ursula even less. Just to make things official, a few weeks ago Ursula took her oath as a U.S. citizen. As usual, none of Bob's friends or studio colleagues knew about that momentous event until they read it in the papers. What they have known for some time, however, is that Ursula Thiess and her kids have brought to Bob Taylor's life what a once lonesome man unhappily lacked. If Bob gets the little girl he wants next, things will be pretty complete. Then the only thing that would make Bob's life perfect would be a few gray hairs—to banish that beautiful tag which has clung to him all these years, to his annoyance.

But if fretting's required to sprout those silver threads, then Bob's prospect of relief seems pretty dim. When a score of years as a movie star, flying in a world war and two sessions as a married man can't raise a worry wart, even the Atomic Age should hold no terrors. Nor does Bob figure on changing at this late date. "The way I live may seem dull to some people," allows Bob, "but the way I am—it's the way I like it."

And the way he is—that's the way his wife loves him. That's why she married him... that's why she isn't trying to change him. Just trying to make him as happy as she knows how to, by giving her family, her husband, the kind of life they both want.

Yes, Ursula Thiess Taylor is a woman to be applauded. She has made a new life for herself in a strange land and has come to call this new place home. She has adjusted to living happily with her husband and is a devoted wife and mother. "What woman," Ursula asks, "could possess—or ask for—anything more?"

END

Bob's now in MGM's TIP ON A DEAD JOCKEY and will soon be in MGM's SADDLE THE WIND.

sal mineo's thanksgiving miracle

(Continued from page 36) and about Sal's next picture and about the '58 car designs and about some crazy new record albums and about all the other hep things they can think of.

It will be different now; early that morning, however, with Mama Mineo there in her kitchen, alone, giving her thanks, looking up and quietly saying:

"Thank You, dear God, for giving Poppa the strength to make good at what he started that time we needed Your help so much.

Thank You, dear God, for your miracle in making Sal's eye get better.

Thank You for making Sarina and Mike and Victor strong and healthy now after what they've been through with sickness.

Thank You for making all four of my children get along so good together and for giving them so many good things.

Thank You for the new house where we will all move soon and where You will always be welcome with love and respect.

Thank You, most of all, for bringing us all together on this day."

Yes, it will be different now with Mama Mineo there in her kitchen, alone, giving her thanks. "Because a mother is not as hep to the future as she is to the past—

because a mother remembers the past when others have forgotten or half-forgotten. And there are things in the past that neither Mama Mineo, nor any of them, can ever forget....

The happiest they had ever been

The day they moved from their first apartment to their first home, for one thing. That was fourteen years ago. Mama and Poppa Mineo had lived in the apartment ever since they were married. It was the apartment in which Mama Mineo had given birth—every second year for eight years—to her four children. It was a tiny Bronx apartment and after the children came it seemed to get tinier and tinier.

"Poppa," Mama Mineo said to her husband one night as they lay in bed, "the children have no room to play."

"Lo so," Pop said. "I know."

Mama Mineo looked over at the crib where Sarina, the daughter, was sleeping, then over at the door leading to the small room where the three boys slept. "We must buy a house," she said. "Even though we are poor, we must buy a house."

"A house?" whispered Poppa. "How can we afford it?" he asked.

"I don't know," Mama Mineo said, "but we must do it. The street downstairs is dangerous and it never gets the sun and the stairs are so high here on the fourth

floor and yesterday I went up to the roof to hang the clothes and I found Sal and Mike standing near the edge looking down. . . .” She gasped.

“We will get the house,” Pop said, taking his wife’s hand in his.

The house they picked out was on 217th Street. It was, as they all recall, the oldest, most dilapidated house in the BRONX—but it was a house, not just an apartment. That first morning Mama Mineo walked to the kitchen window. Then, softly, she began to cry. Poppa walked over to her and put his arm around her waist, consolingly. “I know,” he said, “sei stanca—you are tired.”

Mama shook her head. “It’s not that I’m tired,” she said, beginning to smile through her tears. “It’s because . . .” and she brought up her hand and pointed out the window, “. . . because, Poppa, look!” She was pointing out at the shabby garden in the back of the house, at Sal and Mike and Victor laughing and trying to climb the skinny peach tree, at Sarina sitting on the grass playing with a buttercup she’d just pulled out of the ground. “Look at the room they have now,” Mama said, “at how safe they can play now, at how nice the sun shines down on them.”

The Mineos stood watching the scene for a long, long time. It was the happiest they had ever been. . . .

Something he’d never done before

Then there was the day about a year later, probably the most important day in the family’s life, when Pop went into business for himself. He and Mama had come to realize that they couldn’t make a go of it on the money he was earning as a laborer. And so Pop decided to do something he’d never done before. He decided to borrow money, and start a business of his own. He knew something

about coffin-making and chose that as the business he’d sink or swim with.

The morning he opened his little shop, Mama kissed him goodbye at the door and wished him luck. An hour later, she showed up at the shop with the four children.

“What are you all doing here?” Poppa asked, amazed.

“I decided,” Mama said.

“Decided what?” Poppa asked.

“I decided you needed a secretary,” Mama said. Before Poppa could say he couldn’t afford a secretary, she continued, “Now you are going to be busy making the coffins, no? So how are you going to have time to call up the parlors and get the orders? So that’s what I’ll do. I’ll get the orders for you. And I want a salary for this, Poppa. And don’t make a face like that already. I mean that whatever little money extra you can give me for working, I want to put on the side for all the things we should give the children. You saw how Sal sat down at the piano when we went to your cousin’s house that time? Well, I want to get him a piano and give him lessons. And you see how Sarina is always dancing around the house? Well, I want to give her dancing lessons. And the other boys like to read and we’ve got to buy books and . . .”

Pop realized there was no stopping Mama. “But what are we going to do with the children?” he asked.

Mama had it all figured out. “Some days,” she said, “so they don’t forget who are their parents, they come here to the shop and they stay with us. Other days they can stay home. Listen to what we’ve planned!” She turned to her oldest son. “Victor, what are you going to do on those days?”

“I’m going to take care of Mike and sweep the floors,” Victor said.

“And you, Mike?” Mama Mineo asked, turning to her next-to-oldest.

“I’m going to take care of Sal and wash the dishes,” Mike said.

“And you, Sal?”

Sal blinked his big black eyes and took hold of his baby sister’s hand. “I’m going to take care of Sarina and take the garbage to the big pail out front every day,” he said.

“See?” Mama said, turning back to Poppa. Then she sat down at a make-shift desk, picked up a classified telephone directory and got busy on the phone. It wasn’t long before Sal was taking his piano lessons, Sarina was learning her tap and ballet and the other boys were swamped with all the books they could read and took lessons on instruments.

All sorts of mischief

“Of course,” Mama Mineo recalls, “I had to take them to the shop more than I thought I’d have to. Because they were only children and they couldn’t seem to stay home all day without me and not get into some kind of mischief. One day I’d be on my way home from the shop and an old man would stop me and say, ‘Mrs. Mineo, those boys of yours were on my roof today and they started a fire.’ And I’d say, ‘My boys would never do a thing like that!’ Another day a woman would stop me and say, ‘Mrs. Mineo, your Sal was up in my cherry tree today and picked all my cherries.’ And I’d say, ‘My Sal doesn’t pick cherries from anybody’s trees—and, besides, why don’t you put a fence around it?’ And then I’d get home and I’d bawl the boys out for starting the fire and Sal for picking the cherries and when their father came home I’d tell him and suggest very loud that he should spank them. I think his hand would have fallen off, God forbid. But he’d make

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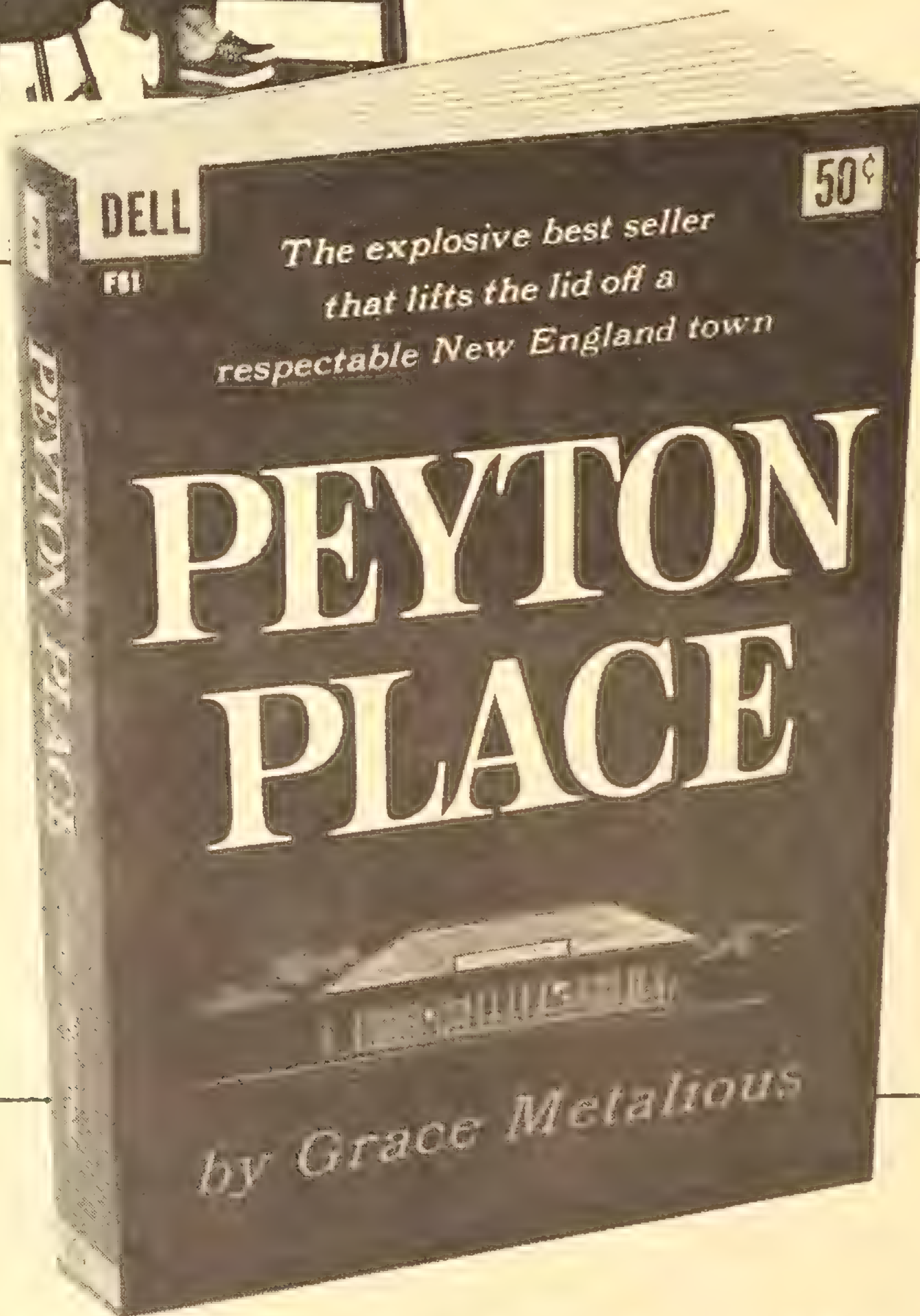
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DELL

THE BEST IN PAPERBACKS

believe he was very angry because it was important to teach them discipline."

Days of no laughter

And then there were the very bad days, the days of no laughter, the days of sickness and doctor bills and prayers to God and all the saints to *please* make the children all right again.

Mike was the first to get sick. He was ten when he got scarlet fever. For forty days he had to remain in his bed, quiet, all the shades drawn, unable to see anyone but his mother and the doctor.

Sal, eight years old at the time, was next. Mike had just recovered from the fever when Sal came down with it. To top it off, Sal's attack was worse than his brother's and he had to stay in bed for sixty days.

Sal had barely recovered when all four children got the mumps. "We didn't want

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to take any of our medicine," Sal recalls. "Sometimes we would even cry because we didn't want to take it. And sometimes Poppa would feel for us and help us pour it down the sink."

Then, shortly after, they all got the whooping cough and Victor got it so bad that he'd black out and pass out constantly and Mama Mineo had to scrape together what little savings she and Poppa had and take the boy to the country for two months.

It wasn't long after this that Sal started having trouble with his eye. He was supposed to wear a patch over it for a few weeks. But like Sal says, "I was in *The King And I* on Broadway—I had one of the child roles—and I just couldn't wear a big black patch on my eye." So Sal's eye took the strain and the eye didn't get any better. Finally it took a

whole series of treatments to clear up the condition which had become so nearly tragic.

And then came the worst day of all, six years ago, when a doctor was called to the house to see what was wrong with little Sarina and the doctor told Mama and Poppa Mineo that the girl had polio and that she might die.

"Before I found out that Sarina was so sick," Sal says, "I used to spend all my spare time writing her crazy joke cards with drawings and pictures I used to make. Then, when I found out how serious her condition was, I somehow didn't feel like making the joke cards anymore or making the crazy pictures. Instead I began to sit down and write her letters now—long, serious letters. This is when I became very serious myself. I wasn't the life of the party anymore. I was writing these letters, I found, as a much more mature person. I began to understand people a lot more and got a different outlook on life. Maybe this is how I began to become an actor. Anyway, I wrote Sarina all these letters and as I wrote them I used to think to myself, *She's so young. Why did it ever have to happen to her? I'm a boy—and I'm older besides. Why doesn't it happen to me instead?*"

His dream come true

Sal and his mother never talked about Sarina after that night on the subway. But he knew, from his mother's expressions, from the way she was acting, that his sister's condition was getting worse and worse. He knew, too, when Sarina's condition was at its most critical point.

And then one morning he woke up and he smiled and he rushed into his folks' bedroom.

"Mama . . . Poppa," he yelled, "I just

had a dream and a saint came down and told me not to worry, that Sarina's going to be all right."

At eight o'clock that night he took the subway back to the theater for the evening performance. No doctor had come to talk to him. He knew no more now than he did before.

But at eleven o'clock, when the show and the curtain calls were over and Sal walked off the stage and into the wings, he saw his mother standing talking and laughing—talking and *laughing*—with one of the stagehands and he knew, right then and there—his dream *had* come true.

Mama Mineo remembers this night, too. And she will remember it on Thanksgiving morning as she prepares her big meal, along with all those other times of past laughter and tears.

Sal's miracle

And she will remember other times, too, more recent times.

Like the time last June when Sal had to have that operation on his eye. It all started one night after Sal had come home after a long personal appearance tour. He was tired and had gone right to bed. He had closed his eyes immediately. Then he opened them and brought up his hand and rubbed his left eye. There was something in it. He rubbed it again, and then again, but whatever it was wouldn't come out. "I jumped up and ran to the mirror," Sal says. "I saw that the eye was red and swollen—more than it would be if I had just gotten a little speck of dirt in it. The next morning I told Mama about it and she got scared. I went to the doctor that afternoon and he said it was lucky I had come when I did—that what I had was serious. I had an ulcer on my eye, he said, and I would have to have an operation.

Then when I had the operation and it was a success and I knew that I would have my eyesight, Mama and I looked at each other and knew—knew that God had given me my eyesight and that it was a miracle."

Like the wonderful times when a mother watches her children—playing, talking, working together—and knows that they are happy.

"It's so good the way they get along," Mama Mineo said. "Just the other day they went to buy a new car and they acted more like three detectives than anything else. First they got all the books they could on the car and read them. Then they went to the store to look at the car—and Mike looked on the top of the car and Sal on the bottom and Victor on the inside. And then they got together and had this big whispering session and one said, 'Don't you think he's charging us a little bit too much?' and the other two gave their opinions. And by the time they came to a conclusion and bought the car you would have thought they'd just decided something for the UN or something like that."

Mama Mineo will stop and smile as she thinks of this. And then she'll wipe her eyes a little with the bottom of her apron and get back to work. Because, after all, today is Thanksgiving and the family will be up soon and down in the kitchen and Sarina will want to see how the turkey is browning in the oven and Poppa will want his coffee and his holiday buns and Sal, as usual, will sneak a couple of meatballs out of the meatball pot and the other boys will start picking at the fruit salad and—well, a mother's got only so much time to give her Thanks. **END**

Sal Mineo can now be seen in Columbia's *THE YOUNG DON'T CRY*.

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tommy and me

(Continued from page 44) down. Maybe I can help you."

"Molly Bee?" he said, and he smiled warmly. "Gosh, I've been listening to you for a long time and I think you're swell. But I'm afraid there's nothing you can do for me. My name's Tommy Sands. I'm a singer—country style singer, from Chicago. And I wanted to talk to Mr. Stone about getting a chance to sing on this show."

"Now you just wait here," I said, and I went over to our band leader, Bill Stranger, and stuck my big neck out. "Why not give this boy a chance?" I said. "Let him sing here tonight and show what he can do."

Bill was nice about it, and Tommy got out on the stage and sang. He did a ballad, then a shake, rattle and roll number, and the crowd went wild.

Very much afraid

I noticed that even though this young stranger from Chicago was shy when he was with people, the minute he got out on a stage and opened his mouth to sing, he lost all of his shyness and was a performer through and through.

After the hit he scored, he was invited to come back next week. This time, Cliffie was around to hear him and he signed him for a guest shot on Tennessee Ernie's show.

Tommy and I clicked from the very beginning—as friends, real sincere friends who could talk things over, offer comfort, courage and laughs. In fact, we went together like this for eight months before Tommy asked me for a date!

Tommy didn't ask me for a date sooner because he was broke. He had come to Hollywood with his mother and the going was very rough. Aside from an occasional job on the Tennessee Ernie show, he had no job, or prospect of one. He was feeling very low at this time and was afraid he'd never get anywhere. 'Old Bottom Lip' I'd call him, because when he felt low that lower lip would jut out dolefully.

I love to give dancing parties at my house for my friends. I made it a point to invite Tommy all the time, even though he didn't want to come at first because he didn't think he'd mix. I felt sorry for him. He was such a warm, likable fellow, but he didn't know any girls and was so shy he couldn't get up the gumption to talk to them. I'd have lots of kids I knew from tv at my parties—kids like Jimmy Boyd and some other fellows who were hillbilly guitar players, and we'd sing, dance and laugh it up. Tommy couldn't dance well at that time, so I began to teach him. The girls liked him, but Tommy had such an inferiority complex he never asked any of them for a date. My girl friends used to call me after a party and ask, "Why didn't that cute-looking guy with the dark hair ask for my phone number? I'd sure like to go out with him."

When I'd ask Tommy, he'd squirm and say, "I can't ask a girl out unless I can take her somewhere, can I? And what will I use for money?"

When Tommy became a regular on *Hometown Jamboree* we used to drive to the show together in my car. Once, Tommy and I sang a hillbilly duet together—a thing we'd practiced at my house—and the audience loved it. We began to sing together quite a bit after that.

So happy for him

One night after the show, Tommy looked so excited I knew he had something to tell me—some really big news. He said he was leaving for New York to do the lead in a big-time tv show called *The Singin' Idol*, a story about an Elvis Presley type of singer.

"In fact," Tommy explained, "they wanted Elvis for it originally, but he's busy with his picture so Colonel Parker recommended me for the part. I get to act as well as sing in it. It's a great role. I sure hope I go over."

Well, I just flipped over that. I was so happy for him that I threw my arms around him and cried, "Tommy, this is the big break. I just know it."

I promised to watch him—as though anything could have kept me from it. I was amazed. I'd always had a feeling that there was great depth and talent in Tommy, but this time I saw it before my own eyes as he brought the character to life. I knew that he had it made. This was Tommy's big break—and he had clicked.

How big he had clicked I didn't really know until he got home a few days later and came to see me on the *Jamboree*. There was Tommy, smiling and handsome in a smart, new gray suit and narrow black tie, and saying to me, "Will you go out with me? Now I feel I can ask you for a date. I'll drive you home."

"But you have no car," I started to say.

"Just follow me, madame," he said, leading me by the hand. Outside stood a bright red, new convertible. He opened the door with a flourish and said, "Enter. You're the first girl to ride in my new car."

He was feeling fabulous that night. He sang as he drove, and I joined him. He took me to a movie, and no man buying a gift of diamonds for a girl could have been

Alec Guinness, who co-stars with William Holden and Jack Hawkins in *The Bridge On The River Kwai*, was being interviewed by the local radio station in Ceylon during location shooting, and the pretty lady announcer gushed out:

"We are proud to present that famous film star Alex Guinness."

"Excuse me young lady," said Guinness interrupting. "I'm afraid you'll have to start all over again. The name is Alec—not Alex."

any prouder than Tommy when he paid for the two movie tickets.

This big step in Tommy's career made him feel more secure and happier than he had ever been in his life. For the first time he realized he could permit himself to look ahead to a future of promise. Tommy and I had been seeing each other constantly for eight months, but this was the first time we dated as a boy and a girl who were drawn together by a great attraction. We have been dating ever since.

Just for two to share

Tommy and I have become so close that we have signals for all the world to see—but just for the two of us to share. For instance, when Tommy is on tv, at some time during the show he winks his left eye. That's a signal that he's thinking of me and saying "Hello." When I'm singing on tv, I wink with my right eye, and that tells Tommy I'm thinking of him at the moment.

We send each other crazy telegram when we're apart. For instance, when Tommy was in Buffalo on July Fourth, he sent me this wire: HAPPY FOURTH FROM NICK, NATALIE, ELVIS AND ALL THE KIDS.

When I appeared on *Matinee Theatre* on tv I did my first straight acting role and Tommy promised he'd watch me. In one scene I was to take hold of a broom and sweep. As I swept, I did something that wasn't in the script: I began to hum *Ring, Ding Ding*, which was Tommy's latest hit record, and I winked broadly. This bit wasn't lost on Tommy. He told me later

that he almost fell off his chair, laughing.

We enjoy being together so much that even minor catastrophes send us into gales of laughter. The other Sunday we decided to go picnicking. We had all the food carefully set out under a tree, when suddenly swarms of bees—there must have been millions of them—came down on us. We got up and dashed off in Tommy's red convertible and drove for hours until we found another isolated spot, miles away. "Boy, I'm so hungry I could eat a cow," Tommy said. "So am I," said I. Then we looked at each other dumbly. We'd left our lunch behind.

The crazy things they do!

Another time we went out in an out-board motorboat on a quiet little lake with no one around. We intended to stay out only a couple of hours, because Tommy was supposed to appear on a radio show that night. We were in the middle of the lake when the motor suddenly conked out. To make matters worse, we got stuck on top of a big, sharp rock that was scraping against the bottom of the boat. I was sure the rock would spring a hole and we'd sink. "I can't swim," I wailed. "And I can't get this thing started," said Tommy. "I've never run a motor boat before." Tommy made the studio with only minutes to spare.

When Tommy calls at my house to take me out for the evening, I never know what to expect. The other night he said we'd go dancing, so I got dressed up in a pretty blue, fluffy gown. When I walked into the living room, there was Tommy in levis, a silly red hat and gosh-awful yellow T-shirt. He laughed his head off when he saw me all decked out. "Oh, so you want to annoy me?" I said. "All right, boy, I'll show you," and back I went to my room. I came out again with my hair braided in

long pigtails, in jeans, a checked shirt and bare feet.

Tommy stood up and bowed low. "This is the way I like to see my girl," he said, and handed me his arm. We walked out in mock dignity. Instead of dancing, we rode horses and ended up at our favorite drive-in for hamburgs and Cokes. That's our idea of the most fun, although we go out on the town now and then, too. When Lena Horne appeared at the Grove, Tommy and I just had to see her. Tommy called and made a reservation. "A table for two for Tommy Sands," he said. "Please give us a good table."

Off we went, dressed to kill, looking forward to a big night. When Tommy mentioned his name to the headwaiter, the

For a gag, hair stylist Gene Shacove has a photo of Yul Brynner on which is written: "I never could have made it without you."

Sidney Skolsky in the N. Y. Post

man pulled a blank. "Thomas who?" he said. "Thomas—I mean, Tommy Sands," he said, tugging at his tie. The maitre de shrugged his shoulders and led us to a table in the rear.

"Well, well," said Tommy, as we sat down at our little table which must have been miles from the stage. "Aren't you glad you're out with a big shot tonight? Next time I'll say my name is Pat Boone."

Although we understand each other well, we had a misunderstanding not long ago that might have become serious if a friend hadn't put a stop to it.

Tommy had played a six-week engagement in New York's Roxy Theatre. Every other night he'd call me, and he was very happy with the success of his engagement.

He was coming home by train—Tommy hates to fly—and I promised to pick him up at the station in Pasadena the next morning. I was working in *Summer Love* at U-I, and the next morning I received an unexpected call to report at the studio at six. It was impossible to get word to Tommy that I couldn't meet him, so I just hoped he'd get the idea after a while and flag a taxi for home. I learned later that Tommy had sat around in the Pasadena station all morning waiting for me, and was furious when I never showed up.

That night he didn't call me, and I realized that he must be fit to be tied. But I was angry, too, to think that he wouldn't get it through his noggin that something mighty serious *must* have come up to make it impossible for me to be there. So I fumed, too. Neither of us would break down and call the other, and for the next few days we were both miserable.

"Listen, you two idiots . . ."

It was our good friend, Kenny Miller, who finally stepped in. He brought Tommy to *Jamboree* one night, and when the show was over we all drove to Hollywood for dinner. Tommy and I sat next to each other in his car but we didn't say a word. When Tommy wanted to ask me something, he'd say to Kenny, "Ask our girl friend if she'd like to have spaghetti tonight." And I'd relay my reply to Tommy through Kenny. This little act went on all through dinner, and when we got back into the car Kenny lit into us. "Listen, you two idiots, this whole thing is too crazy for words. Tommy, if you weren't such a stupid blockhead, you'd ask Molly why she didn't meet you and give her a chance to explain. And Molly, if you weren't such a high-spirited little filly, you'd take Tommy's hand and say, 'Look, I didn't mean to stand you up.' And as for me, I'm

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hopping out and letting you two settle this foolishness by yourselves."

When Kenny stormed away, Tommy and I looked at each other, trying to keep up our stony expressions, but we broke down and burst out laughing instead.

Never been so happy

As we drove home, Tommy nonchalantly said, "Oh, by the way, I bought you a little present from New York."

He reached for the glove compartment and pulled out a little box. From it, he took out a ring and placed it tenderly on my finger. I gasped when I saw it: a friendship ring with two hearts entwined, studded with diamonds and rubies. I was so touched I began to choke up. For once, I couldn't think of a word to say and I just stared at that ring. When Tommy saw me so quiet, he looked worried. "Don't you like it, Moll?" he asked. "Oh, Tommy," I said fuzzily, "you big idiot. It's just beautiful. I've never been so happy in my life."

the Lord taketh away

(Continued from page 59) excitedly. "She was just here, her and her husband . . . And she wore a big red coat and I could see she was wearing tight black pants."

"And when she opened the door once I could see she wasn't wearing any shoes," Eddy said.

"And her hair was very messed up," little Dicky added. He squinted. "Do you believe us?"

Just like the other housewives

The Raynors looked at the autographs, then at each other. After lots of coaxing, they drove the boys to the beach for another look.

Yes, there was a Lincoln convertible parked there all right, with two people standing alongside it, looking out at the ocean. And when the blonde girl turned to say something to the man, there was no mistaking it—it was Marilyn Monroe.

Marilyn's and Stella's eyes met a moment later. Marilyn smiled and waved. Stella smiled and waved back and called out, "Welcome to Amagansett."

Marilyn and Arthur walked over to the Raynor car. They introduced themselves and the two couples shook hands all the way around.

Then, after talking a little about lots of little things, Marilyn asked Stella if she knew whether TOPPING's, the local grocery-butcher shop-and-soda fountain delivered. "We just got here and our cupboard looks like Mother Hubbard's," she said.

"Oh, sure they deliver," Stella said. "Here—" She reached into her husband's pocket for a pencil. "I'll write down their number for you."

Marilyn and Arthur thanked them very much and after a few more words they said goodbye and walked back to their car.

It was bright and early the next morning—about 8:15—when Bob O'Brien, the check-out clerk and delivery boy at TOPPING's arrived at the cheery little house the Millers were renting on a piece of land known as Stony Hill Farm. Marilyn had phoned her order in the night before and Bob was lugging it to the door now and secretly hoping for a peek at the star.

He nearly fell over when the star herself came to the door.

"Hi," he said. "I'm Bob O'Brien."

"And I'm Mrs. Miller," Marilyn said.

Then they began to talk, the big Hollywood actress and the happy delivery boy. "Mrs. Miller," Bob finally asked, "could I ask you a favor? I wonder if sometime

The friendship ring means just that—a rich, wonderful friendship between a boy and a girl. If, deep down, what we feel is more than friendship toward each other we are trying to hide it. We don't dare think of marriage. Tommy is only nineteen, and on the threshold of a fabulous career as an actor as well as a singer. He has just signed with 20TH CENTURY-FOX and they have big hopes for him. For eleven years, Tommy worked and prayed for a break. He practically starved, and now that glory is in sight, I would be the last to want to spoil it. I am just as much aware as Tommy is that as a teenage idol, marriage might ruin his career.

Meanwhile, it's fun and exciting to date Tommy. And I will always wear the ring that Tommy gave me—the ring that is the symbol of our deep and lasting friendship.

END

Watch for Tommy soon in 20th Century-Fox's THE SINGIN' IDOL.

before the summer's over I can bring a camera and get somebody to take a picture of us together. It sure would be something for the fellows down at school to see."

"I'll be happy to do that," Marilyn said.

"Oh boy," Bob shouted, rushing off.

Marilyn drove up to TOPPING's the next morning in her own car, a black Thunderbird—no need, she'd decided, to phone her order in. Here in Amagansett I can just walk into the grocery and shop like all the other housewives do. . . .

For the next fifteen or twenty minutes, Marilyn happily roamed the store. And, slowly, her cart began to fill up with canned cherries and angel-food cake mix and a couple of different kinds of ice cream and "two pounds of ground beef . . . and a few lamb chops for tomorrow, and maybe some steaks. And can you cut the steaks thick, please? My husband likes them thick."

And as she left, a couple more people standing around—not strangers suddenly, but neighbors and friends—stopped to say Hello . . . how are you? . . . Hello . . .

During the filming of *The Pride And The Passion* on location in Spain, the on-lookers kept sneaking on the set to collect autographs. Until finally Cary Grant, fast developing a case of writer's cramp, quipped—"I want to be judged by my performance, not my penmanship!"

A man and his wife were the next to talk to Marilyn. The man was Roger Mattei, owner of THE CORSICAN RESTAURANT, just down the street. The woman was his wife, Helen.

"We'd love for you and Mr. Miller to come to our restaurant for dinner some night," Helen told Marilyn.

"And," Roger added, "don't worry about maybe there not being something on the menu you like. I know that you like Lobster Monaco, stuffed with the clams and the shrimps, and that you like the sliced filet mignon Bordelaise, and I will prepare either of them for you any time you wish."

Marilyn was amazed. "But how do you know, Mr. Mattei?" she asked.

Just like her own home town

The chef nodded wisely. "For many years," he said, "I am a chef in New York and, of course, I know many other chefs and when I hear you are coming to Amagansett, I telephone the chefs and I ask

them what are your favorites. It is that simple. We always do that, when we can—find out what our new neighbors here like to eat, just in case they become our customers!”

“Suddenly,” Marilyn said to Arthur, telling him about it later, “suddenly these people were my neighbors . . . and this, well, I felt as if this place was finally my home town. . . .”

The next six weeks were wonderful for Marilyn and Arthur and the neighbors of Amagansett.

“Practically every morning Marilyn and her husband came to the beach for about an hour,” one local boy said, “and they usually walked up a ways and they’d go surf-casting. Sometimes some out-of-towners would come and walk right by them and stand around for a while. But we could see it made them embarrassed and so when we saw them we’d just wave and they’d wave back and then they’d go to their surf-casting.

A most wonderful six weeks

“Then in the afternoon—me and the other fellows could see all this from the firetower—in the afternoon, they’d sit around the garden. She’d always be dressed in shorts and be watering the garden or fixing some of the flowers up or something. And Mr. Miller would be dressed in shorts, too, but he’d usually be sitting reading a book. Or sometimes he’d bring a typewriter out and start typing away. And that’s the way it would be a lot of the time. Just the two of them together like that.

“And then other times, usually over the weekend, there’d be other people there with them to keep them company. Once an old couple came and it turned out to be Mr. Miller’s mother and father from Brooklyn. And then they came a few

more times and always brought two children with them, a boy and a girl, who turned out to be Mr. Miller’s children by his first marriage. And that’s when it really looked like they were all having fun there—Mr. Miller playing catch with his son and Marilyn and Mr. Miller’s daughter and mother preparing a big cook-out with hot dogs and steaks and potato salad and some kind of cake Mr. Miller’s mother used to bring from Brooklyn, I think, because it was always in a pan and she always used to make Marilyn sniff it first and then her son before she cut it. . . .”

Orson Welles' daughter Christopher has taken a job in Chicago. Soon after Christopher was born, the Welles' Hollywood neighbor—Shirley Temple—asked Welles: "Is Christopher going into the movies?" . . . "Not until she's two," Welles replied, "because first I want her to have a normal childhood."

Life and Legend in the N. Y. Post

“At night,” remembers another Amagansite, a woman, “they usually stayed at home, just the two of them. Mrs. Miller prepared supper and did the dishes and acted just like any ordinary housewife around here. And sometimes—I know this for a fact, because my husband and I were doing the same thing once and saw them—they would get into their car at about 10 o’clock and drive to the ocean and take off their shoes and just walk along the beach, holding hands, close to the water, talking

and laughing and then not talking and not laughing but just walking . . . well, again, just walking along like any other ordinary couple in love.”

Signs of something extraordinary

And, like any other ordinary married young woman in love, Marilyn gradually began to show signs of something both ordinary and extraordinary at the same time.

It showed first where it shows with all women—in their eyes, in the way their eyes seem a little larger than they’ve ever seemed before and more sparkling and wiser and happier.

And then it began to show, just a little, in her figure.

She was in the post office one day, mailing a letter she’d just written to Arthur’s children, when two old women walked in. They were nice old women—white-haired, sweet-faced, be-spectacled and all that. And to them Mrs. Arthur Miller was just like a Mrs. Frank Jones or a Mrs. Stanley Smith.

“I’m sure,” one of them said to Marilyn sweetly as she began to leave the post office, “I’m sure that we’re not the first to congratulate you, but . . .”

“Congratulate me?” Marilyn asked, puzzled.

“Oh now, Mrs. Miller,” the second little old lady said, shaking a finger.

“Oh now, what?” Marilyn asked.

“Mrs. Miller,” the first woman said, “we just wanted to congratulate you on your . . . your *enceinte* condition.”

Marilyn didn’t know much French. But she did know that *enceinte* meant pregnant.

“Oh,” she said, softly. Then she began to blush. “I . . . I . . .” she started to say.

“You ARE *enceinte*, aren’t you?” the second woman asked.

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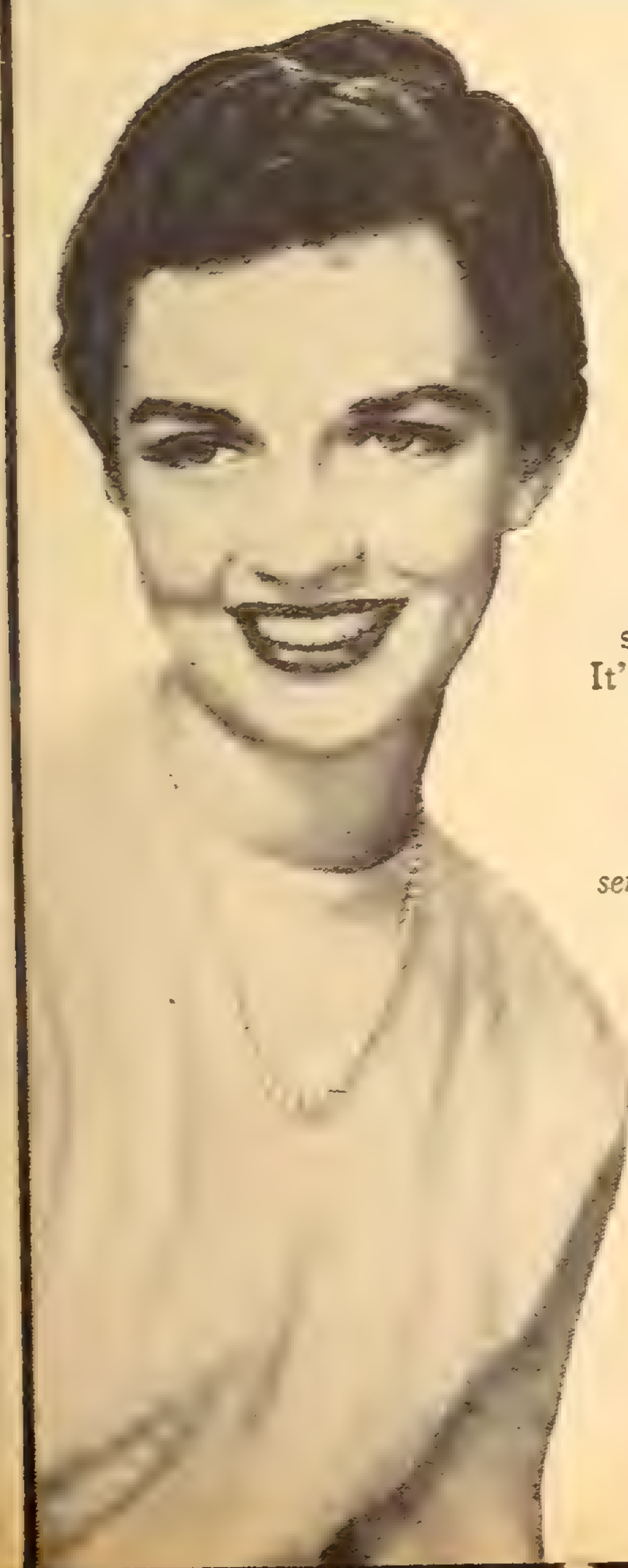
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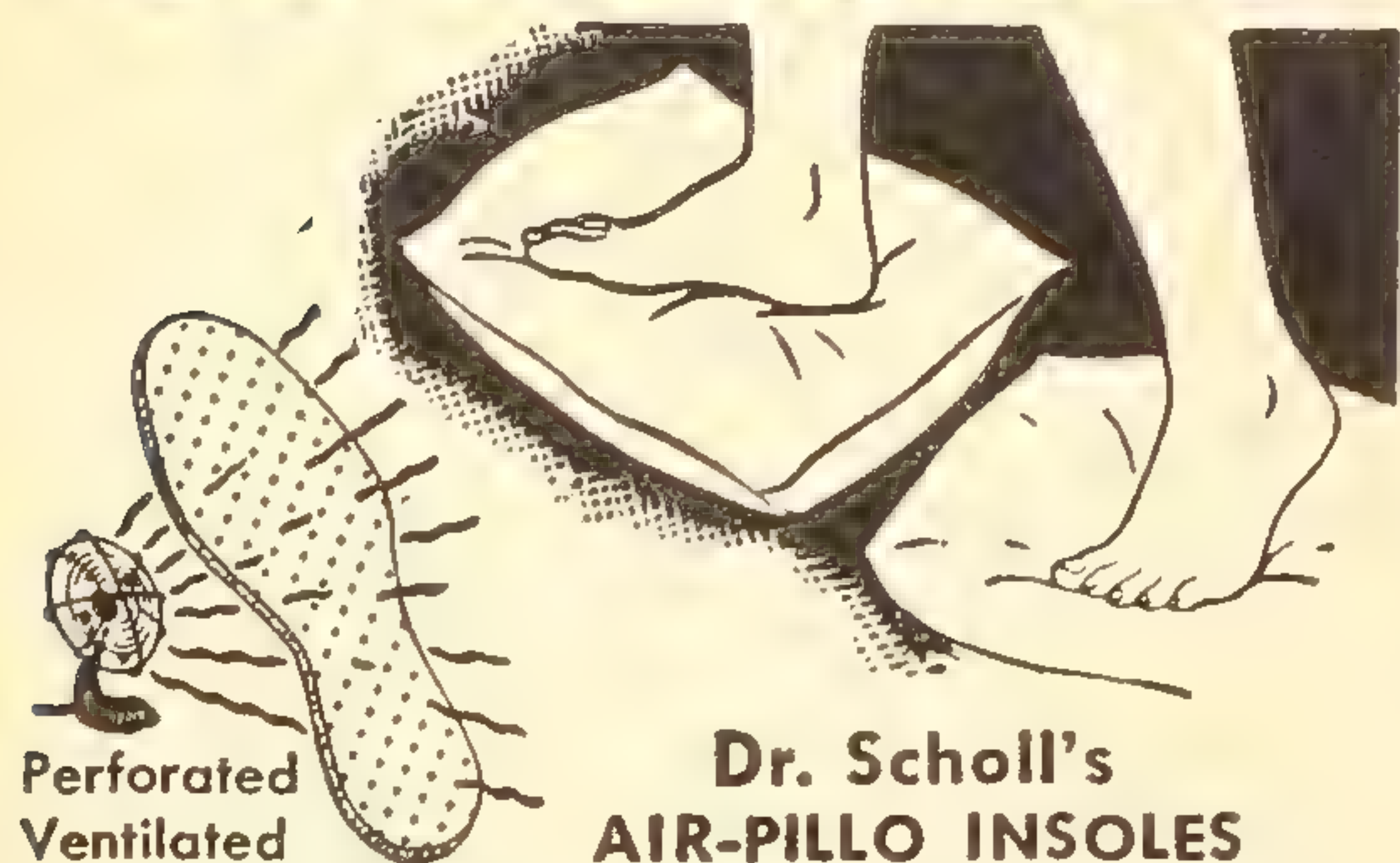


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Marilyn smiled. "I . . . I think so," she said. And then Marilyn said goodbye and left.

"Mmmmmmm," said the first woman turning to her friend, "I know so."

The news was all over town within a couple of hours.

It all lasted for about a week after that—the fun of everyone in town playing armchair godmother and godfather to a baby who was still seven months away but whom everyone was waiting for as if the baby was their own—because they had come to love the baby's parents so much already.

And then, suddenly, at about eleven on the morning of Thursday, August 1st, the happiness came to a sudden end.

At first, Marilyn thought the pain was something momentary. But after a few minutes it began to grow worse instead of better. Suddenly, she clutched her abdomen and fell on her knees. "Arthur," she called. Her voice was unnaturally weak. She tried to scream. "Arthur . . . ARTHUR!"

Arthur lifted Marilyn from the grass and gently, as gently as he could, carried her up to their bedroom.

"Please, God. . . ."

"The baby," Marilyn moaned as he placed her on the bed and as she clutched her stomach again. She began to cry and the tears began to come uncontrollably. "I'm afraid for the baby, Arthur . . . I'm afraid for the baby."

Marilyn was afraid, more afraid than she'd ever been in her whole life. "I don't want to lose it, Arthur," she whispered. She closed her eyes. "Please, God, I don't want to lose our baby."

Arthur spoke to the doctor a few minutes later. "Is it the baby?" he asked.

The doctor nodded. "I've just phoned for an ambulance," he started to say.

"Ambulance?" Arthur asked, shocked.

"We've got to get her to New York right away," the doctor said. "I'm not sure yet, but we may have to operate."

This was all coming too quickly for Arthur, much too quickly. "Operate?" he asked. "Why?"

"In order to save your wife's life," the doctor explained simply.

The trip from Amagansett to New York took a little more than two hours. Two hospital attendants rushed out of the building to wheel the stretcher on which Marilyn lay, covered by two heavy white blankets, up to her room on the ninth floor.

The pain had subsided a little, and she had slept during part of the long ride. She really didn't wake until she had been placed in bed. She opened her eyes slowly. She saw Arthur. She smiled a groggy smile. According to a nurse who was present at the time, "It was as though she was a woman in her own home and it was first thing in the morning and she'd overslept a little and she was smiling up at her husband, who'd got up earlier and had made his own coffee and was on his way to work."

She screamed his name

But then, suddenly, the pain returned again. And within a second the smile was gone and Marilyn's eyes closed shut again. She grabbed her husband's hand with one hand and pressed against her stomach with the other. "Arthur," she screamed.

Back in Amagansett that afternoon, everything seemed to stop as the town wondered exactly what was wrong with its girl. Practically everybody had heard the ambulance siren wail its heart out as it pulled away from the Miller house that morning. And by the end of a couple of hours, practically everyone had gathered

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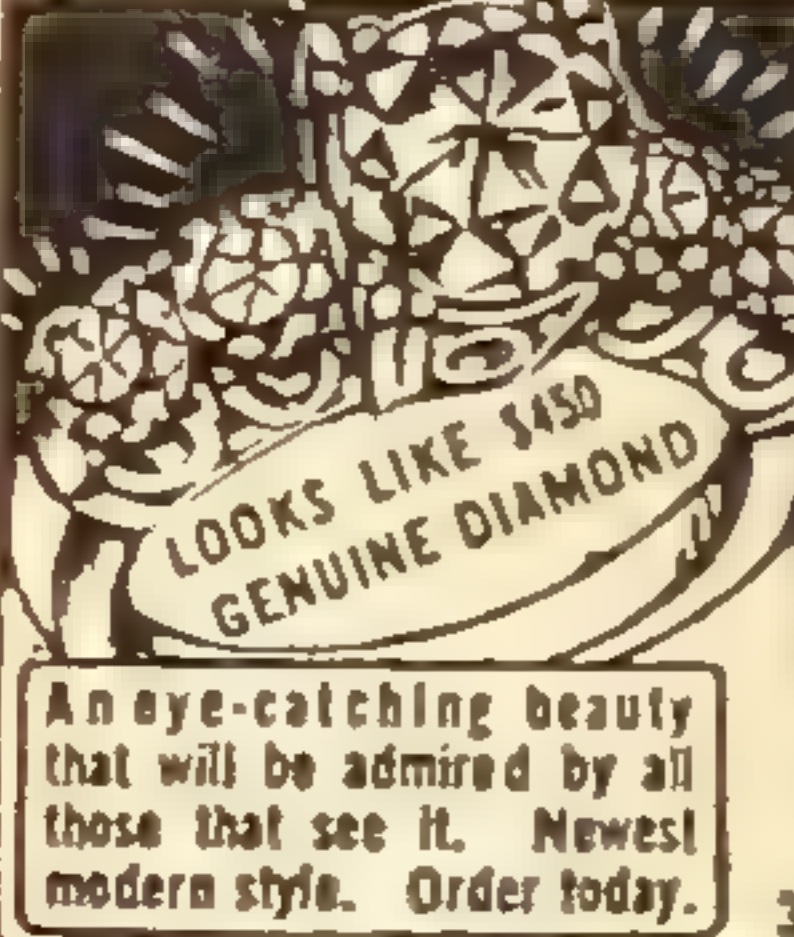
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WO! ZIP TOGETHER THIS WEEK

the heart of town to ask one another what he and she knew.

At 4 o'clock, the crowd gathered in the grocery store heard a news flash over the radio saying that doctors had decided Marilyn didn't need an operation and that miscarriage could probably be avoided. The crowd cheered up a little.

Shortly later, another newscaster said that further drastic complications had set in and that doctors had decided to operate, that Marilyn was going through an ectopic miscarriage—meaning that the new baby was beginning to form in the narrow tube leading to the womb rather than in the womb itself; that if they didn't operate immediately there would be a rupture within days—or hours—and that chances of saving Marilyn from death would be slim.

Could Marilyn live?

"It was a sad, touching thing to see the way the news affected these people," one woman, who was in Amagansett at the time, told us. "One old woman was shopping, right alongside me, and when she heard it began to cry. She told me that she'd talked to Marilyn right there at that store only two days earlier; that she'd told Marilyn she'd heard the wonderful news and had started to sew a surprise for the baby, which she'd give to Marilyn at the end of the summer. That Marilyn had been so delighted and happy she'd kissed her. 'And now,' the old woman wept, 'now they're operating on that poor child and maybe, maybe. . .'" The old woman's tears were shared by most about everybody in Amagansett.

Then finally the news came in: The operation had lasted a little over an hour. It was, in a way, a success. There would be no baby, of course. But Marilyn herself was out of danger.

The immediate rumor around Amagansett following the operation was that Marilyn wasn't coming back. Somebody said she'd heard from somebody that Marilyn would spend the rest of the summer with Arthur in their New York apartment. The reason was a simple one: Marilyn, talk had it, didn't ever want to see again the house in which her lost baby had been conceived. She didn't ever want to sit in that garden again, alone, with Arthur—that garden where they'd sat that afternoon so many weeks back and where she'd first told him about the baby. She didn't ever want to drive to their beach again, the way they'd driven every day for all those wonderful days and stood there, barefoot, at the ocean's edge, and talked about their child and what they would call it and how they would love it and how they would do so much to make it a happy child, so much. "No," the rumor went, "they're not coming back."

Shout the good news

And then, on a Saturday morning, nine days later, the telephone rang at TOPPING'S MARKET. Bob O'Brien, the young check-out and delivery boy, answered it. "Hello," he said, "may I take your order?"

He'd just begun to jot something down in his order pad when he began to smile. "Yes," he said, as he began to take down the order, the smile on his face growing bigger and bigger. "Yes . . . yes . . . yes . . ."

When he'd finished, he gulped and said, "Gee, it's wonderful to hear you again—and, I just wondered, but in a couple of weeks do you think we can get together and take that picture so I can show the fellows at school? . . . We can? . . . Oh, great. Great!"

Then he hung up and rushed to the front of the store to shout out the good news: Marilyn had come home! **END**



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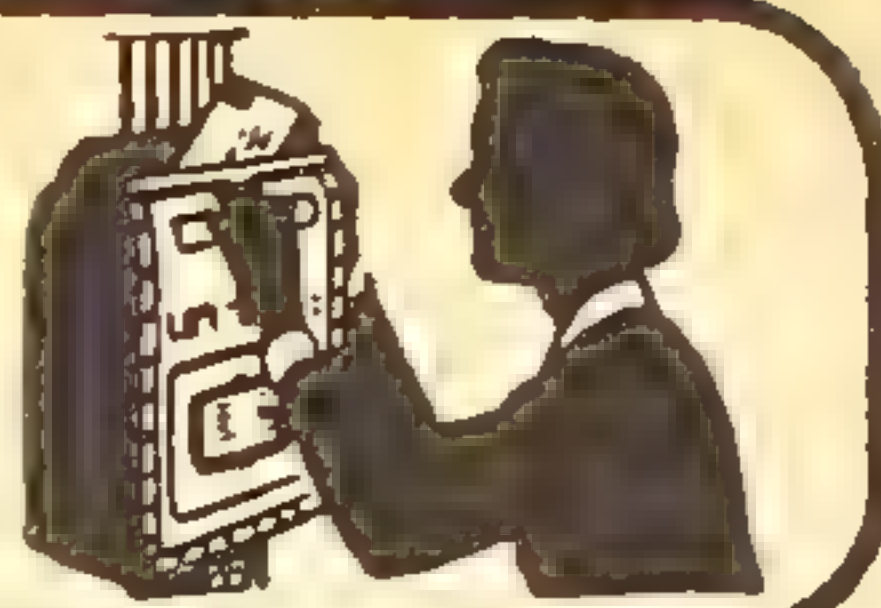
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LIPS SORE?



pat levels with us

(continued from page 53)

Q. What's the first thing you remember, back when you were two or three?

A. Learning to whistle at age three. I stopped a man on the street in front of our house and made him listen.

Q. How many children will you have?

A. If the fourth is a 'Mike,' we'll call it quits. If not, we'll go for a fifth. Eventually, we'd like to adopt a child, one or maybe more.

Q. Would you give up singing for teaching?

A. If I felt I could be more useful as a teacher. Right now I don't feel that way.

Q. What's your favorite book?

song?
sport?
hobby?
color?
food
drink?

A. The Bible.

I Believe.

Whatever is in season.

Sports.

Red.

Whatever is on the table.

Milk.

Q. Would you wear a toupe if your hair started getting thin?

A. In movies and in TV, yes. On stage and in person, I don't think so—but then, who knows?

Q. What are the three characteristics about your wife that you love most?

A. Her sense of humor, her kindness, and her love for me.

Q. Did you two have in-law trouble?

A. No, neither of us. We wuz lucky!

Q. What's your favorite subject in school?

A. Speech.

Q. Who usually tries to make up first when you and Shirley have a fight?

A. Hubby does—the weaker animal!

Q. Who gets up if the baby cries?

A. Shirley usually does. But if she is sick or very tired, I do—at least, she tells me I do—I don't remember.

Q. Do you dream a lot?

A. I dream very little, but when I do, they're lollapaloozas!

Q. About what, usually?

A. Murders, fantastic adventures, oil wells and gold mines, falling out of windows, etc.

Q. How long do you think your popularity will last?

A. Only God and the American people can determine that.

Q. Do you have a bad temper?

A. No. In fact, sometimes I'm too calm and peace-loving for my own good. However, when I do get mad, I kind of boil over. This is very rare, though.

Q. What kind of things get you mad?

A. Unkindness, cruelty, hypocrisy, being pushed around or taken advantage of, ingratitude and false accusations.

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- Q. Of all the records you've made, which is your favorite?
A. *Friendly Persuasion*.
- Q. Do you save clippings about you?
A. I used to, but it's gotten out of hand now. I just save the most unusual or most important ones.
- Q. How many fan clubs do you have?
A. We have about 3,500 that are registered with our national organization. Many others are not registered. I wish they'd write me at 157 W. 57th, N.Y.C. and join up with us.
- Q. Who was your first fan?
A. Vicki Woodall of Nashville, Tennessee. She now lives in Memphis and is the president of our NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF FAN CLUBS.
- Q. When you're on tour, does your wife go, too?
A. Very rarely. With three youngsters at home, it's hard for both of us to get away. I don't travel much now, though.
- Q. How often do you call each other when you're not together?
A. At least every other night. Usually the average is even higher. A four-hundred-dollar phone bill is the result—'cause we just can't hang up!
- Q. What's your pet extravagance?
A. Little mechanical things like watches, radios, toy cars, guns, etc.
- Q. Do you have any brothers or sisters?
A. One brother, Nick, who is twenty-two and two sisters—Margie, nineteen, and Judy, fifteen.
- Q. Will you move to Hollywood permanently?

- A. When I finish school, I think so.
- Q. Do you own your own house?
A. Yes, a little one in New Jersey.
- Q. When you were a kid, what was your ambition in life?
A. I could never decide, honestly.
- Q. Did you ever get into serious trouble?
A. Yes. I was once going steady with two girls at the same time!
- Q. Were you ever seriously ill?
A. When I was ten, I had pneumonia and pleurisy at the same time. I was pretty sick.
- Q. What was your favorite game when you were young?
A. Baseball, basketball, and football—when I was young!?!.
- Q. Who do you admire most in the world?
A. Dr. Albert Schweitzer.
- Q. If you could be someone else, who would you choose?
A. I wouldn't want to be anybody else.
- Q. If you had three wishes, what would they be?
A. First—that my children be as fortunate as I have been.
Second—that my life be of value to a great many people.
Third—that I have few things to be ashamed of when it's all over.
Fourth—if possible, that I keep my own hair and teeth till I'm ninety-nine. After that you can have 'em!

Pat will soon be in 20th Century-Fox's APRIL LOVE. **END**

debbie tells louella the truth

(Continued from page 35) ment of this magazine. I had put it on the line pretty sternly to my little friend. I thought she should start thinking more seriously about her career instead of putting Eddie's first.

This is what I wrote:

Debbie, I think the time has come when you'd better start minding the store. I might not feel so strongly about this if it weren't for the news that an absolute newcomer, a little fifteen-year-old actress-model from New York named Carol Lynly, has been signed by MGM to star in *THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE*, a London stage hit which was purchased over a year ago to star YOU.

There was no announcement from the studio about why this switch had been made.

My point is this—recently, it has seemed that you are really far more interested in Eddie Fisher's career than in your own. You love him very deeply and heaven knows I'm not knocking that. I thoroughly approve of married movie people being together as much as possible. But shouldn't that be done without one sacrificing too much to the other?

This is the reason I paged Debbie, as soon as she came home, to come and see me. I am deeply fond of this girl. Having gone with her through the start of her romance with Eddie, its threatened break-up, then their marriage, and later their happiness at the birth of their daughter, I couldn't feel closer to these kids if they were blood relatives. When I had written the scolding words to Debbie—for her own good—I had felt much like the parent who, before a spanking, says, "This is going to hurt me more than you."

Before Debbie arrived, I had wondered if she would be a little angry with me.

But she just put her arms around me and held me close and said, "It's so good to see you again. I've missed you." Then we settled down to talk—in the room overlooking my garden, the room where we have shared so many confidences in the past.

Debbie chattered like a little magpie, as usual—full of news about Eddie, his tremendous success at the PALLADIUM in London, the wonderful reception he was given on the continent and then about her joy over seeing Carrie Frances again even though it brought her home weeks ahead of Eddie.

Waiting and waiting to hear

This chatter about Eddie might have gone on indefinitely for I was as eager as she was to talk about her favorite topic. But, surprisingly, it was Debbie who interrupted herself.

"Yes," she said with an arch little smile, "I read your OPEN LETTER—not once, but several times."

Now that the gauntlet was thrown down, I said, "And what did you think?"

"I think you are completely wrong," she said with no trace of bitterness in her voice. I started to speak. "No, let me finish," she put in quickly. "Eddie's career is the most important in our family and it will always come first. I have no intention of giving up my career, however."

"But, Debbie," I protested, "when you met Eddie, your career was more important. You were a tremendous success in my child's"—that's Harriet Parsons—"picture, *Susan Slept Here*."

She nodded. "But, let's go back a little in my career and I think you'll see what I mean. I was sixteen when I first signed with MGM. That was nine years ago. The rage then was for young fresh-looking American girls who could sing and dance in the many musicals MGM was making.

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by

Mary Ann Blum, R.N.



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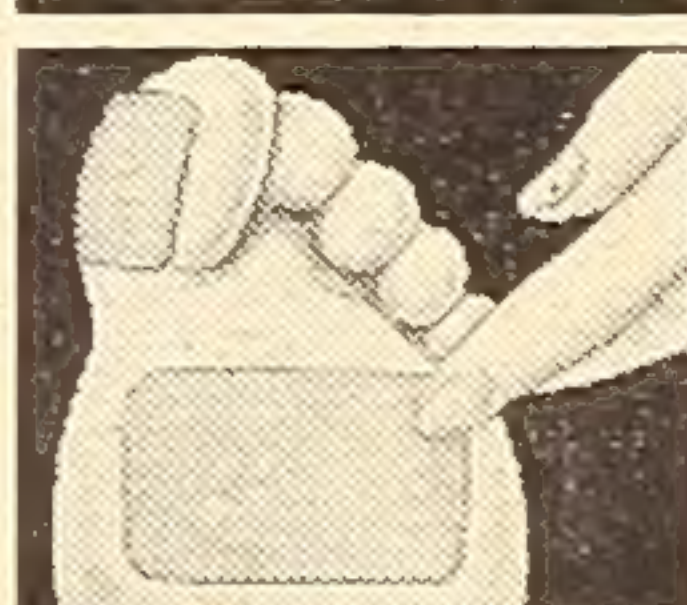
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"But the movie mood has changed in nine years. Musicals with bright, gay American girls are no longer the vogue. I have been ready and willing to work for MGM for over a year, and no assignment has come my way. I would like to do a picture for my home studio, believe me, but it begins to look like *The All-American Girl* is temporarily out of style on the screen!"

I must have looked my surprise for she said, "I mean it. Look around at any studio and there are ten foreign actresses to one American. There's Sophia Loren, Taina Elg, Kay Kendall, Maria Schell, Christine Carere, Anita Ekberg, Audrey Hepburn, the great Anna Magnani—not one of these actresses is American born. Yet all of them are working in our Hollywood pictures.

"Of course, you can say that just as many of our actresses are working in Europe," Debbie went on. "I met more Hollywood film stars, both men and women, when we were abroad than I ever met at home. So you see, change is in the air." Debbie shrugged slightly. "Even the MGM lot seems different from the time Louis B. Mayer signed me. Now when I visit around the studio there are very few people I know. I have been waiting and waiting to hear what they are going to give me next because I *want* to work."

Marriage first

This seemed the time to ask her about *The Reluctant Debutante* which she knew as well as I did had been bought originally for her.

"Two scripts have been written," she said, "but neither is right for me. Another good picture, *The Boy Friend*, will soon be ready and I'm ready and willing to play that—if I get the chance."

"But, my dear, there are so many fields open for your talent—tv, even Broadway," I put in.

She laughed, "Don't think I don't know that," sounding like the spunky little Debbie I love. "But my MGM contract is such that I can't accept anything without their permission. However, they did give me special permission to go on loan-out to U-I for the movie *Tammy*. It's a cute little picture and I couldn't be happier that the record I made of the little song is getting more and more popular. Please don't worry that I am becoming discouraged or down about myself. It's just that I'm facing facts as they are," she added with that forthrightness that's so much a part of her personality. As young as she is, she's definitely a girl to face reality. There's a wise head on those young shoulders.

She reached over and patted my hand. "I know you think I spend too much time away from Hollywood going with Eddie around this country and to Europe in the background of his fabulous career. But, to me, a career can't possibly be as stable as a marriage. Any woman who marries an artist like Eddie should consider his work first. At least, that's the way I feel about it—and that's the way I shall continue to feel."

No reason in the world

Good for Debbie! If more actresses felt this way there would be fewer broken marriages in movietown. But I still had a good point, and I brought it up. "Mel Ferrer and Audrey Hepburn seem to have worked out a similar problem very well," I said. "They have a little plan of staggering their jobs so that when Mel is working Audrey is on vacation and can be with him, and vice versa."

"That's exactly what I did!" Debbie argued. "I finished *Tammy* months ago. Then, as MGM had nothing for me, there was no reason in the world why I shouldn't accompany Eddie when he went to Europe."

"All right, all right!" I laughed—and she joined me. "But don't you feel that if you stayed home there might have been offers for you, important guest spots you might have filled in—say, in television?"

She answered, "Television is a good medium for me—and I'm very interested in the offers I've had. But here again, I can't do it without MGM's permission."

"My real heart"

I have a large picture of Eddie holding Carrie Frances on a table in this room and Debbie's eyes fell on it. "There they are, my real heart," Debbie cried, blowing a little kiss in the direction of the sweetest father-and-baby picture I have ever seen.

"Do you know that little rascal, Carrie Frances, didn't recognize me when I came home? Honest, she didn't. That's the best argument I know for not going away. For a few days my heart was broken. She'd go to my mother or the nurse, but she'd just look at me as though saying, *Who are you? And where have you been?*" Debbie went on. "I don't see how I can ever leave her again. A baby's personality changes from day to day—it seems to me from hour to hour. And I've missed two *wonderful* months out of her life," Debbie wailed.

"Your mother told me that your telephone bill from Europe will be enormous!" I smiled, "and that just about every other day you and Eddie were on the telephone wanting to know the latest developments in the life of your child."

"That's true," she replied. "All the money I might have spent buying clothes and things in Paris I preferred to spend listening to Carrie Frances coo over the trans-Atlantic."

"How about those Paris shops? Didn't they really get you?" I put in.

"No, I didn't buy any clothes. My mother makes almost everything I wear, simple easy-to-wear things," she said. "I'm not the glamour type who has to have a new gown every time I stick my head outside the door. Thank goodness! I hate shopping."

Instead of hours in the shops, she spent much of her time while Eddie was working really seeing the sights of England and the continent. "I did all the tourist thing—and loved it."

Something very dear

As she arrived home three weeks in advance of Eddie, she had been planning many things. "We are going to sell the house," she told me. "It's much too big, a blooming mansion, really. Even before we went away, Eddie and I realized that the three of us were just rattling around in it. A simple but pretty place, all on one floor is what we really want. Pretty soon Carrie Frances will be toddling, and I worry about stairs and places where she might hurt herself."

Debbie seemed gay and happy again, though Debbie I know best. I'm not only fond of this girl, I have the deepest admiration for her. She very *definitely* has her own set of values in life, and she is proving it by living up to her principles.

It's my opinion that Debbie has more to offer her career now than she did two years ago, September 29th, when she married Eddie. Without looking a day older she has matured inwardly. She is one of those rare people who *knows* what she has in life and is appreciative.

"I'm sticking to my story and I still say you must go on with your career," I said as she was leaving.

And then she said something very dear using the name she used to call me when she and Eddie were courting and I'd go with them as a chaperone to Las Vegas or some other weekend spot. "Don't worry," she said. "When the time, or the picture or the tv show is *right* for me, I'll be ready—mother."

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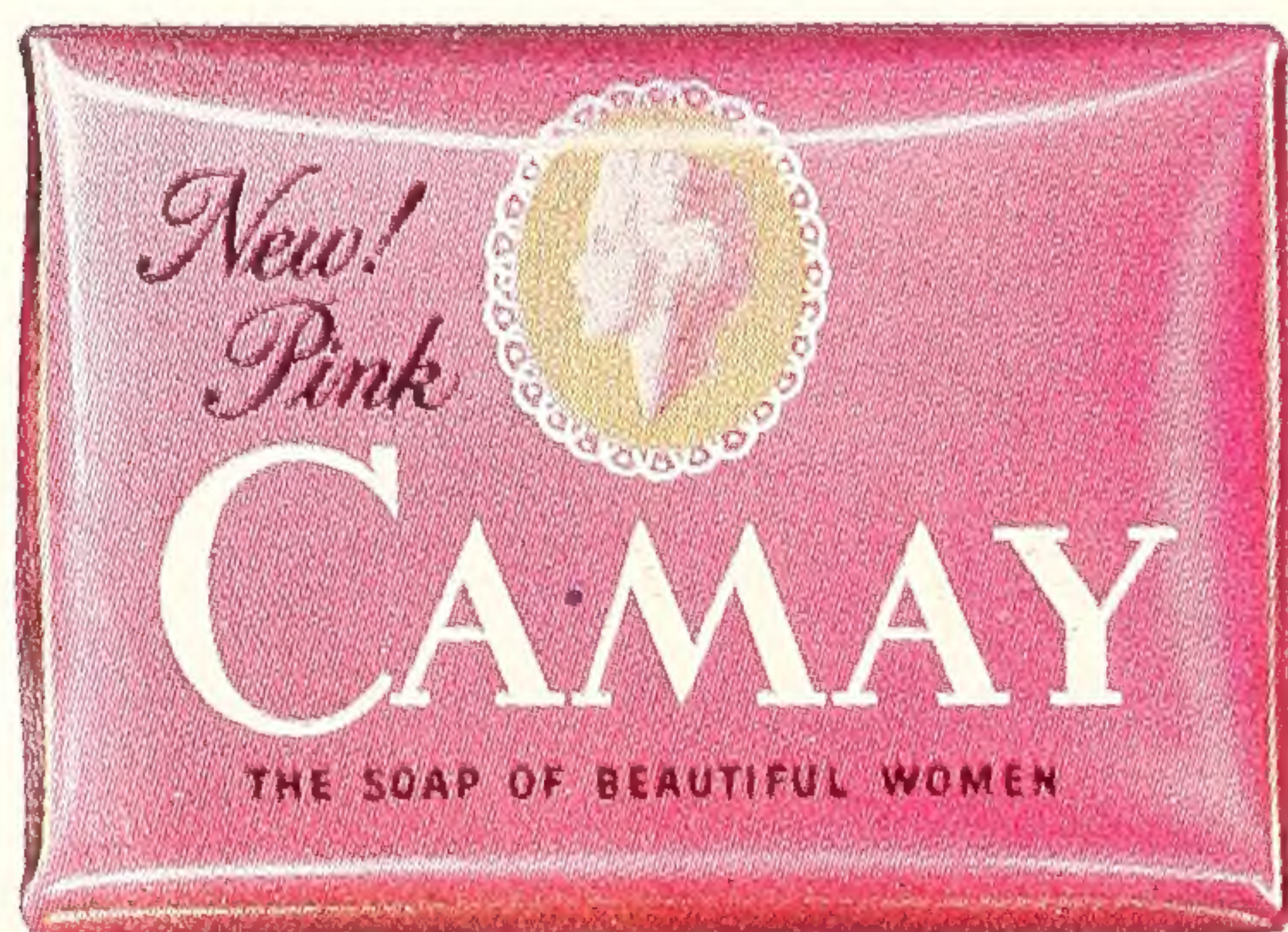
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